

ECHOES
FROM THE BACKWOODS.

BY

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ECHOES FROM THE BACKWOODS.



CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

Departure from Cork—Voyage across the Atlantic—
Dense Fogs—Banks of Newfoundland—Forests of the
New World—"The Maid of the Mist"—River St. John.

IN June, 1835, the transport destined to convey the left wing of a light infantry regiment to our colonies in North America had "made its number" in the Cove of Cork. At this time the transport service was a disgrace to the country; and although so many men-of-war, which might have been employed as troop-ships, were lying idle in our numerous dockyards, yet the comfort of the soldiers troubled not the heads of those gentlemen "who sit at home at ease."

After five weeks we were on the banks of Newfoundland; got soundings, but no cod; tried to surprise turtle dozing, which proved to be wide awake; fired at whales, and got disagreeably near to icebergs. However, at the end of six weeks, in spite of calms, fogs, and the sleepy mate, seas

of floating kelp-weed and strong tides were met with—certain symptoms of being in or near the Bay of Fundy—and all hands looked anxiously for land. There was a dense fog; I was on deck in charge of the watch; one of the men came and reported that he saw a light, and pointed out the direction. I could not see it, but roused the obetious mate, who sent men aloft, and exerted himself so far as to climb to the mizen cross-trees. I called the watch—no one could see it. The man was laughed at, but persisted in saying he distinctly saw it; he could not be drunk, for there was not the wherewithal to get so on board. Next morning's light found us close off Bryar's Island: the man *had* seen the light upon it, although invisible to sixty others. .

Owing to strong tides and the prevalence of fogs, the navigation of the Bay of Fundy is ticklish in the extreme, and we felt our way by the deep sea-lead. When in stays, a large ship, unperceived till then, passed so close under our stern, that a biscuit might have been thrown on her deck. She was a transport, having on board the regiment which we were going to relieve. Three cheers were hardly given and returned, before she was lost to sight. The fog cleared up soon afterwards, and black masses of the pine forests of the New World opened upon us, stretching away in continued lines, until lost in distant perspective.

The first view of land, after the monotonous combination of two elements for six weeks, is exhilarating : the first sight of the primeval forests of the New World sublime. Surely such a view as this would have awakened to the power of nature even that lady's-maid who, when passing the magnificent scenery of the Via Mala, asked—from the “rumble-tumble”—“Lor, how do they manage to *plant* trees in such frightful places as them there?”

On rounding a headland, the view of St. John's broke suddenly upon us, and, from the distance, it appeared placed, as it were, in a large gap, hacked out of “the Bush.” When abreast of Partridge Island, the anchor was dropped, and the transport swung to her moorings, until leave from the authorities was granted for our disembarkation. Soon after the *Maid of the Mist*—a most appropriate name for a steamer navigating the Bay of Fundy—came alongside, and carried off a subaltern and twenty-five men to St. Andrew's, where they were to remain on detachment.

We were now within a couple of miles of the town—the largest in the province of New Brunswick. The rocky promontory upon which it stands rises from the water on all sides, and wooden houses piled up on series of landings give the appearance of a fabrication made with cards to amuse children, the summit being crowned with steeples and the spires of many churches;

while the base, fringed with a forest of masts, and huge vessels on the stocks, proclaimed the commercial prosperity of the place, and presented a not unpleasing picture to our land-expecting eyes. All hands began peering through the telescopes, in hopes of getting a sight of "what like" were the natives, among whom we expected to pass the better part of three years; and the flutter of a petticoat, or the appearance of a straw bonnet, was sufficient attraction to draw all glasses to that spot! The head-quarters of the regiment had arrived a week earlier, and been ordered up the river St. John to Fredericton. It was our fate to occupy the town before us. Permission having at length arrived, we were disembarked, and marched to a range of barracks pleasantly situated on a rocky promontory jutting into the harbour, and commanding the entrance of the river. No sooner had we stowed away our men than a party of us "subs" rushed down into the town, hardly checking our pace, to stare at some squaws and their papooses; nor did we stop until we arrived at a confectioner's, and obtained enormous bowls of the most delicious wood-strawberries and cream. We had just landed from a long sea-voyage; the thermometer stood at 85° in the shade; in addition to which, the woods, being on fire, made the atmosphere close and sultry; while the excitement of landing, and the bustle of putting up the men, concurred to render this the most grateful feast I

ever remember to have enjoyed, and such a contrast to our ship fare, that the gluttony of the proceeding must be pardoned.

CHAPTER II.

NEW BRUNSWICK—HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

General Description of the Province — Government — Boundary Question—Rivers—"The Stone Wigwam"—Wooden Bridge—Fish—Waterfalls—The Bore—Mineral Productions—Whales—Cod—Mines—Divining Rod—Weights and Measures.

ONE side of New Brunswick fronts the Bay of Fundy, the other the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is intersected in every direction by large navigable rivers, offering great natural highways into the interior. The banks and valleys of these rivers, and their numerous tributaries, are generally very fertile, with many natural meadows, marshes, and intervals, yielding grasses spontaneously and abundantly.

The principal river is the St. John, which empties itself into the Bay of Fundy, at the city of St. John, where there is an open harbour at all seasons of the year; the St. John is four hundred miles in length, taking its rise partly in Lower Canada and partly in the United States. Fredericton, the seat of government, is eighty-four miles from the sea, on the west or right bank of

the St. John. The river at Fredericton is three-quarters of a mile wide, and is navigated by steamers of a large class, which run up and down every day and every night—time eight hours.

The Miramichi is a large river, flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence; the two principal towns on this river are Newcastle and Chatham, a few miles from each other, on opposite sides, about twenty miles from the sea. Vessels of the largest class proceed to both these places to load with timber for Great Britain. Bathurst is at the mouth of the Nipisiguit, a large river flowing into the Bay of Chaleur. The country about Bathurst is yet very thinly settled, chiefly by Acadian French.

The government of the colony is modelled after that of England, having three branches. The lieutenant-governor is appointed by her Majesty: a legislative council of eighteen members, named by the crown, answer to the peers, while a legislative assembly of thirty-four members, elected by freeholders only, is in imitation of our Commons. A privy council of nine assists the governor. The members are appointed by the crown from the leading members of the legislative Council and assembly, and hold offices during pleasure.

At the time of our arrival, and during our sojourn in the country, the disputed territory, or Boundary Question, was the 'all-absorbing' topic. The real object of the Americans was, if possible,

which crossed between Portland and Carleton, a small village on the opposite side of the harbour, whence the road to St. Andrew's and Fredericton branches off. The passage of this ferry in the winter was anything but agreeable, from the evaporation of the water when warmer than the atmosphere, with the thermometer down to a low degree. "The barber," as it is called, is sometimes so thick, that once, having embarked my sleigh to make the transit of this ferry, after some twenty minutes occupied in the operation, and after having performed four times the distance, owing to the numerous eddies in which we had been whirled about—my horses, sleigh, and furs arrived on the opposite side—a complete mass of ice.

To obviate such occurrences, a Yankee conceived the bold scheme of throwing a wooden suspension-bridge across, between this ferry and the rapid above mentioned at the outlet of the river of St. John. From two enormous abutments, most ingeniously put together, he suspended his bridge, the length of which was four hundred and thirty-five feet clear of the buttresses. At a distance, it had the appearance of the most beautiful lace-work: when nearly completed, and after several persons had passed over it on foot, one morning, while on parade, we heard a tremendous crash; in half an hour news arrived that the bridge had given way, and

that several men were killed and many dreadfully wounded. With this smash was sunk some £30,000, the greater part of the capital subscribed by certain enterprising shareholders. No attempt has since been made to rebuild it.

Two steam ferry-boats, however, have been established to cross the harbour, with excellent and convenient landings; four horses may be driven on board without detaching them from the carriage; and the distance to Carleton on the opposite side occupies but four minutes. These boats are not only reported to be convenient, but I am told profitable. The little village of Carleton has increased rapidly since their establishment in 1839; and much of the business of the port is now transacted on that side the harbour.

The Bay of Chaleur and the river Restigouche, which falls into its western extremity, separate New Brunswick from Canada. The Bay of Chaleur is eighty-five miles long, varying from fifteen to thirty miles in width, and in the whole of its length and breadth there is neither rock, reef, nor shoal. The entrance of the Restigouche is three miles wide, with nine fathoms water—a noble entrance to a noble river. The Restigouche is two hundred and twenty miles long—its name, which is Indian, signifies “the river which divides like the hand,” in allusion to its separation above the tide-way

into five principal streams or branches. Dalhousie, at its entrance, is a very neat town, containing about one hundred and thirty houses, and one thousand inhabitants. The streets are broad and clean. In front of the town there are some excellent wharfs, with large and well sheltered timber-ponds. A crescent-shaped basin and an island form an excellent harbour where ships of any size may ride in perfect safety.

The present extensive trade of Restigouche sprang up about 1825, since which time Dalhousie and Campbelltown (twenty miles farther up) have been built. The Restigouche, from Dalhousie to Campbelltown, is in fact a harbour. Opposite to Campbelltown, on the Canadian or Gaspé side of the river, is Mission Point, a Micmac settlement of about 400 souls; it is on a beautiful meadow, backed by lofty mountains, and is commonly called by the Canadians "Le Pré du Prêtre." The salmon-fishing on the Restigouche is very extensive, and the fish of large size—One establishment at Campbelltown formerly shipped twelve hundred tierces of salmon annually.

The length of the Miramichi, "the happy retreat," is estimated at two hundred and twenty miles. At its entrance into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it is nine miles wide, from the north shore at Neguac to Point Escuminac on the south. This point, as its name, which is

Indian, implies, is a long sand-spit, with a lighthouse at its extremity, beyond which a sandy shoal extends three miles to seaward. The whole north-eastern coast of New Brunswick is low and sandy; and the country generally very flat, in consequence of which the tide flows for a great distance up most of the rivers. All the rivers at their entrances have sand-bars, formed by the action of the water flowing from them, on the one hand, and the heavy sea thrown in by easterly gales in the gulf on the other. There is a bar at the entrance of the Miramichi, but that river is so large, and pours forth such a volume of water, that the bar offers no impediment to navigation, there being sufficient depth of water on it at all times for ships of six or seven hundred tons.

Chatham, about twenty miles from the mouth of the river, on the south or right bank, is a busy, bustling seaport town in the summer season, with excellent wharfs, and every convenience for loading ships, the water being deep in front of the town. It contains many capital dwelling-houses, and several large and convenient stone warehouses and stores, with every requisite for carrying on trade upon a large scale. Here are extensive steam saw-mills belonging to Messrs. Cunard and Co., by whose enterprise Chatham was formed, and to whom it principally belongs. There are at this place breweries,

tanneries, and foundries, built in a substantial manner. Douglastown, on the opposite side of the river, about two miles above Chatham, is the place of business of Messrs. Gilmour, Rankin, and Co., whose plain and substantial warehouses, extensive wharfs, and well-piled deal-yards, are patterns of neatness and regularity, being admirably arranged for carrying on business extensively with the least possible amount of labour.

Newcastle, on the same side of the river as Douglaston, and three miles above it, is the shire town of Northumberland, and contains the public buildings of the county. It stands on a very level piece of ground, rising gently and gradually from the water, the court-house and churches being erected on the highest part. The streets of Newcastle are good and clean; the private dwellings plain, but neat.

At the "Indian Reserve," near the Big Hole, on the north-west, is a very curious cave, which has been known to the Indians for ages; the Micmacs call the place *Condean weegan*, "the stone wigwam." Its only entrance is from the water, under a lofty overhanging cliff. The floor of the cave is about ten feet above the level of the water; the height of the uppermost overhanging ledge is seventeen feet above the floor of the cave; and the width of the entrance seventy feet. At one side of the cave, a clear and very cold spring bubbles up, and a natural aperture

in the roof permits the smoke to escape freely ; the rocks in this place are all sandstone of coarse grit, thickly studded with angular pebbles of milky and rose-coloured quartz, and the exceeding abundance of these crystals gives the place the appearance of an artificial grotto. The river rushes swiftly past the entrance, and is full of trout and salmon. The Indians spear many of the latter at this place, and they have hollowed out a basin at the spring, in which they place the fish ; and the coldness of the water keeps them fresh for two or three days.

Near Tabusintac, at Portage Island, there is a large fishing establishment of Mr. Davidson's, who has of late been extensively engaged in putting up lobsters and salmon in tin cases, hermetically sealed, for foreign markets ; and in one season there were put up and shipped no fewer than thirteen thousand cases, each containing two pounds of salmon, or the best of three or four lobsters. The proprietor deserves great credit for his spirit and enterprise, and the poor French settlers at the Neguac villages feel the benefit of it.

At the end of September the large sea trout rush up from the gulf to the Burnt Church River preparatory to spawning, and from fifty to sixty of these may be taken with the fly on each flood-tide,—none of less than a pound weight.

Above Newcastle the river divides into two

large branches, called the south-west and north-west Miramichi : about seventy miles up the south-west Miramichi stands Borer's Town, founded by Thomas Borer, an enterprising American, who carried on the lumber business upon a large scale, and built the town. It bears a very striking resemblance to the villages in Yankee land, which spring up in the vicinity of saw-mills, being composed almost wholly of showy wooden buildings, with green Venetian and fanciful verandahs, and abundance of ornamental woodwork.

About seven miles above Borer's Town there is most excellent salmon fishing, commencing in July and ending in September. The river is frequently full of fish ; but the greatest impediment to this fishing is the immense number of large trout which continually seize the salmon-flies. The trout-fishing is quite first-rate, and, in all probability, not to be excelled in any part of the world : it would astonish the fly-fishers of the mother country. Late in the season the river swarms with grilse.

At the mouth of the Miramichi, and on the whole north-eastern coast of New Brunswick, there is abundance of every kind of wild fowl. The immense flights of geese, ducks, and other migratory birds, which annually pass over to the northernmost parts of America, to breed during the summer season, remain on this coast for some time, returning to the south in the autumn. Those

who have read Audubon's work may form some idea of the countless thousands of birds which constitute "a flock" on these shores. Those only who have seen these wonderful collections of waterfowl, and heard their surprising clamour, can form any idea of their extent, and, one might almost say, grandeur—for they are indeed wonderful.

The first British vessel which ever entered the Miramichi was the frigate which conveyed the remains of Wolfe from Quebec to England in 1759; that vessel, having encountered a storm in the gulf, put in to refit, and to obtain further supply of water. A barge was sent ashore for water, the whole crew of which were barbarously murdered by the Indians, incited, it is said, by some French soldiers stationed at a small fort on the river. Satisfaction, however, was taken on the spot, for the frigate was placed abreast of the French fort, which was soon battered to atoms. In going out of the river, the frigate was "brought up" at Burnt Church Point, all the buildings on which were battered down. A chapel, which had cost the French a sum equal to £5,000 sterling, was set on fire and wholly destroyed, whence the point has since borne the name of "Burnt Church." This point is now the property of the Micmac Indians, who have their principal settlement upon it, where they meet annually on the feast of St. Anne (26th July), to arrange all the

business of the year. They remain together about a fortnight, when chiefs are elected or deposed, marriages contracted, children baptized, and the priests who attend instruct the young in the articles of the Roman Catholic faith, to which all the Indians of New Brunswick profess to belong.

The Tobique is one of the largest tributaries of the St. John, and flows into that river about twenty miles below the grand falls; here is a settlement of the Milicete Indians, who possess several thousand acres of excellent upland: it has been explored by Dr. Gesner. From one of his geological reports, it appears that this tract of country on the shores of the Tobique, comprehending several millions of acres, possesses most excellent soil on the uplands, and is better adapted, owing to the advantages offered by the river, to the circumstances of a respectable class of emigrants and settlers than any other district in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. The climate here is milder than it is near the coast, the mercury not rising to more than 90° Fahrenheit in the middle of the day in July. A large area in the district of the little south-west Miramichi, which flows into the Tobique, many miles above the mouth of the Wapshagan (signifying, in the Indian tongue, "a river with a wall at its mouth"), was overrun with fires a few years ago; and the dire appearance of this part of the country is to be

attributed to that conflagration which took place about 1825 ; and the bright green forest is now reduced to a lifeless waste.

It is probable that this conflagration was the same which destroyed the towns and villages of Miramichi in October, 1825. It extended over an area of six thousand square miles, and for at least one hundred miles along the banks of the river : six hundred poor wretches perished in the flames, and a million's worth of property was destroyed. Great praise is due to the humanity shown by the people of England, who subscribed the sum of £100,000 for the relief of the sufferers ; nor was Jonathan, be it said to his credit, backward in contributing.

On leaving St. John, the road to Halifax follows the line of the Kennebeckasis as far as the headwaters of the Petitcodiac, which it crosses near its source ; whence it follows the course of that river to " the Bend," some hundred miles from the city of St. John. The scenery of Sussex Vale, through which this road passes, is exceedingly fine and striking ; in many of the bogs and swamps there are extensive deposits of bog iron ore, which might be worked with great advantage, being of good quality, and in the immediate neighbourhood of abundance of wood for fuel ; and its proximity to the Westmoreland coal-field ought to be a further inducement to engage in its manufacture. The bogs also abound in the

brown, yellow, and red oxides of iron, which will afford ochres for pigments.

The river Petitcodiac is navigable for vessels of one hundred tons for thirty-three miles from its mouth, and the tide flows inland some six-and-thirty; but the most extraordinary feature of the river is "the Bore," Dr. Gesner's account of which is so interesting, that it must be its own apology for its introduction. "At the Bend," writes that gentleman, "the stream, having entered from the south, turns suddenly to the westward, at the distance of twenty miles from its mouth. At this place the tide flows in and ebbs off in six hours, running at the rate of seven miles per hour. The flood-tide is accompanied by a tidal wave called the *bore*, which at high tides is five, sometimes six feet high. The rushing of this overwhelming wave produces a noise like that of a number of steamboats in operation, and is one of the most interesting spectacles the country affords. The salmon and shad, urged forward by the sweeping current, to avoid the force of the stream, seek the shallow water near the shores, where they are discovered by their wake, chased by wading sportsmen, and fairly caught.

"At low water, extensive flats are laid bare; these are composed of fine shingle and quicksands, which, with the *bore* and rapid tide, have been the cause of several shipwrecks. The danger to

vessels arises from venturing too early on the flood and too late on the ebb tide. In the first instance, they overrun the tide, and are stranded in the quicksands; in the second, the tide leaves them before they arrive in deep water. When thus situated, if they resist the fury of the *bore*, the water washes the sand away from the leeward side: they roll over before the current, breaking their masts, and, finally, filling with shingle, they are buried in a sandy grave. The *bore* is much higher and more violent in some parts of the river than in others, a circumstance probably arising from the configuration of the shore and the bottom of the river.

“At the Bend there is a considerable village. The soil is chiefly of two kinds, the sandy and the clayey. Lime, if judiciously applied, would greatly improve both varieties, and the admixture of marsh and mud would increase the fertility of fields where the clay is absent. There are large tracts of marsh on each side of the Petitcodiac, of which a portion has been diked, and is under cultivation.

“The northern side of the coal district in this quarter was observed about ten miles from the entrance of the Petitcodiac.

“Coal appears on both sides of the Meramcook river, the Petitcodiac river, and ten miles north of Shepody. The whole length of the coal-field of Westmoreland is upwards of seventy miles; its

average breadth, estimating the area on each side of the Petitcodiac, is about the same.

“At Slack’s Cove and Drake’s Cove excellent grind-stones are obtained from the numerous strata of sand-stone which there abound, and are the best stones for cutting and polishing metals hitherto found in America. The reefs are broken at low water, and masses of rocks are secured to large boats; at high water they are brought to the shore, where they are cut by the workmen with great facility into grinding-stones from four to eight feet in diameter, and from six inches to a foot in thickness. These are called ‘water stones,’ and are extensively used in the United States, for grinding down and polishing all kinds of cutlery. Other grind-stones of less dimensions are made from the rocks situated above the tide; these are used for common purposes—the price of each stone delivered on the shore is from two to three shillings: they are sold in the United States from six shillings and threepence to nine shillings per stone. The trade is therefore profitable.

“The Shediac coast is famous for its oysters, which are so abundant that the inhabitants make use of their shells for manure. The harbour of Shediac is safe and convenient for vessels of large size; but it is a curious fact that the numerous beds of oysters along these coasts are constantly lessening the depth of the sea, and gradually filling up the bays. Lime prepared from these

oyster-shells is reported to have great effect when applied to the light and sandy soil along this line of coast, and to render it very fertile."

In the neighbourhood of Fort Cumberland and the Tantamar Marshes there is excellent snipe-shooting, but the improvements and draining at present in progress will in a few years convert all into the richest land. The country about is very fine, and a brother-officer described it as well worth a visit. He drove his horses from Halifax to Windsor, Kentville, Amherst, and back by Truro, and during his trip contrived to bag six hundred and fifty head of snipes and woodcocks.

There are large tracts of peat in every part of New Brunswick wherever there is low ground: this is occasioned by the decay of mosses that are always found to flourish in low lands. This peat is valuable for fuel, but at present it is not necessary to use it for such a purpose, owing to the vast quantity of timber: however, by skilful management it may be converted into excellent manure.

In many places there are to be found beds of capital clay of different colour, which are adapted for making bricks; and Nature has been bountiful enough to place strata of sand beneath these beds, thereby affording to man an easy way of providing for his comfort in many respects; for, without the sand, the clay would not answer for burning. In addition to a great supply of mineral ores, and

the climate being such as to produce the most luxuriant growth of grain, according to official returns, 3,634,280 acres have been already granted to applicants for land in New Brunswick, and 13,792,272 remain still at the disposal of the Crown. Out of this quantity of land 440,000 acres are cleared, but there are about 12,000,000 acres capable of immediate cultivation. The land in the southern part of the province is not near so well adapted for agricultural purposes as that in the other parts.

The district of Gaspé is an extensive peninsula, about ninety miles in width from the Bay of Chaleur to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with a coast line of two hundred and fifty miles from Cape Chat to the Restigouche. Gaspé Basin, which lies between Cape Gaspé and Whale Head, runs about sixteen miles into the land, and is about five miles broad. This place is considered one of the best and safest harbours in America; being capable of containing three hundred sail of vessels in perfect security.

The inhabitants of Gaspé Basin are nearly all fishermen, most of whom are exclusively employed about the whale fishery. They fit out every season four or five schooners, of seventy or eighty tons each, manned with ten or twelve men, who are engaged in whaling during all the summer months. The fishery yields about twenty thousand gallons of oil annually, which is sent to Quebec

for a market, and gives employment to about two hundred men.

The whales are of the species called "Hump-backs," and generally yield about three tons of oil each, though some have been taken of the length of sixty or seventy feet, yielding eight tons of oil. Each schooner has two whale-boats, with the usual outfit of harpoons, lines, and lances. The whales swim fast, and are very shy. They appear off the entrance of Gaspé Basin in the spring, and the whalers follow them during the summer to the Island of Anticosti and the north shore of the St. Lawrence, a wild and desolate region, frequented by a singular race of Indians, known to the Canadians as "Les Montagnards." They are supposed to be the last of the Algonquins.

The cod-fish caught and cured on the shores of Gaspé are generally small, but are much liked in foreign markets, from their being so very well preserved. This arises from the fish being caught near the shore, and split and salted while perfectly fresh and firm. The process of cleaning is carried on in a very neat and expeditious manner. As soon as the boats return from the fishing-bank, they run alongside a stage, built over the water, on which they are thrown out. The first man who handles the fish cuts the throat with a single stroke of his knife; then he slides it along a sort of table to another,

who whips off the head, and drops it, with the entrails, through a hole in the table into the water beneath, retaining only the liver, which is thrown into a tierce to make oil. The next man splits the fish, and takes out the bone; and on the manner in which these operations are performed, the quality of fish for market principally depends.

When split, the fish are carried to a large covered building, where, after being well washed, they are rubbed with salt, and placed in little flat piles on the floor to drain; being sufficiently struck with salt, they are carried out to the Shingle Beach, to dry, or, where there is no beach, are spread on long narrow wicker frames, or stages set up for the purpose. The labour of spreading and turning the fish is incessant and severe: they require to be frequently turned, to prevent their being scorched by the sun, or salt-burnt. The person who turns does so in a systematic manner, with his right and left hand alternately; so that not one fish in thousands may be missed.

After the fish are sufficiently cured, they are collected and laid in small circles with the tails outwards; these circles are continually built upon, each row being larger than the one below it, until the pile is about three feet high, when the circles begin to diminish, so as to form a

conical roof, which is then covered with birch-bark, and stones laid upon it. The piles are thus rendered impervious to the heaviest rains, and in this position the fish are left to season before being packed for exportation. The bait used for cod are herring and the caplin, a peculiar little fish, which, when dried, is considered a great luxury. In the latter part of the season, when other bait becomes scarce, clams are used, and the fishermen complain that they frequently undergo more labour and more fatigue in procuring bait, than in taking the cod afterwards.

In Gaspé, there are lead mines, as well as extensive beds of coal, not reported in geological surveys, but actually to be found and worked. A company has been lately established in London by royal charter, for the purpose of carrying on the fisheries and working the mines of Gaspé.

The agricultural district of Gaspé may be said to commence at New Carlisle. To the westward the land is not only better, but the inhabitants are less devoted to fishing and more to farming.

In all countries, however civilized, amongst some of its inhabitants there will be found a strong superstitious belief in divination, practised more or less by some of its votaries. This is the case in New Brunswick, and an absurd belief in the powers of divination prevails to

a great extent. A system originally traceable to the Druids, to awe their superstitious followers, called "the mineral or divining rod," has been introduced into the province from the eastern American States, and has found disciples among persons otherwise intelligent. The power of divination is supposed to be contained in two small phials fixed on pieces of whalebone, and borne by the seventh son of a seventh son. This person alone can be successful, and is always supposed infallible.. The rod is used for the purpose of discovering concealed money and all kinds of minerals; even in places where they have no real existence, except in the mind of the infatuated. Much the same sort of superstitious belief existed in Ireland, where they listened to the supposed dreams of some old crone, who declared that in her sleep the identical spot where in some "rath" was to be found the "*crock of goold*" so much sought after had been revealed to her.

The measures of length, surface, and weight, are identical with the English; the measures of capacity, the same as in England before the introduction of the imperial measure.

CHAPTER III.

NEW BRUNSWICK—CONTINUED.

Towns—Labrador Dogs—Horse Dealing—Cobbett—Agent for “Morison’s Pills”—A Fire—Amusing Incident—Climate—Lumber, Hard and Soft Wood—Effects of Frost—Skating—Sleighing—Coasting—Sleigh Club—Corn-bin Extraordinary—Perilous Situation.

FREDERICTON, the capital of the province, is built on an extensive plain encircled by a range of high lands in the rear, which rises from the river at the lower extremity, and closes in to the river above, leaving a level space, nearly four miles long, and a mile wide at the broadest part. The river forms a picturesque curve around this plain; and near the centre of the town, at what was formerly called St. Ann’s Point, is a fine view of the river Nashwaak, falling into the St. John directly opposite. The high grounds which surround Fredericton form a beautiful steeply-inclined plane, on which several public and private buildings have been erected. King’s College, on the acclivity of this hill, is 171 feet long, and 59 feet wide, with projections; it has a massive cornice with pediment; and the principal material of the building is the dark gray stone found near its site. It consists of a basement with two lofty stories; contains twenty rooms for students, with the necessary accommodations for the principal pro-

fessors, attendants, and servants. The situation of the college is healthy, and commands a fine view of the town and adjacent country. To the eastward the river and the surrounding country are overlooked as far as the Oromucto.

A bishop has lately been appointed to New Brunswick, and Fredericton constituted an episcopal city. The erection of a cathedral, to cost £30,000, has just been commenced. Fredericton is eighty-four miles from St. John. Steamers perform the distance in eight hours; and, when the river becomes frozen, forms, for the greater part of the way, the sleigh-track between the two cities.

When approached by water from St. John, the quiet and rural situation of this comparative village is most pleasing. The river, here three-quarters of a mile in width, glides smoothly, silently, and unruffled, past the neat wooden range of barracks, with their grass-plot and fine old weeping willows, under the broad shade of which, in the cool evening of the Indian summer, the ladies of Fredericton may listen to soft music. On the slope of the range of hills behind the town, King's College, with its roof of iron, shines resplendent in the sunshine: and, on the opposite side of the river, the smoke from the wigwams of the Indians curls up in azure wreaths against the dark line of the pine forest, and, reflected in the glassy surface of the river, presents a picture of

perfect repose. On the day on which I first approached it, the heat and mirage gave it that appearance only to be seen in the best works of the inimitable Claude.

Government House is placed some three-quarters of a mile up the river, on the same side as the town; it is a handsome stone building of three stories, with wings and a semicircular portico, in a pleasant park and near the banks of the river. In few of the colonies are the governors more commodiously or comfortably housed than in New Brunswick: and no expense has been spared of late years in furnishing and perfecting the house and grounds. At this time amateurs of the Labrador dog might have been gratified to see sixteen or eighteen of this noble breed rush into the water, and contend for the governor's prize—his walking-stick. They were of the true sort, with fine intelligent countenances; and when they emerged from the river, the water ran from their silky jet-black coats as from a tarpauling covering.

Some twelve miles below Fredericton is the town of Oromucto, situated on the mouth of the river of that name, where it joins the St. John. In New Brunswick they have had the good taste, in general, to preserve the Indian names of the rivers, which invariably express their character. Thus the "Oromucto" signifies "The Deep Rolling River;" the "Washadamoak," which is

passed lower down, the "River of Rapids," and the "Beggagumnick," a stream above Fredericton, the "Dancing Stream;" the "Richibucto," the "River of the Burnt Country," &c. &c. It is a thousand pities ever to change such names for such as are comprehended in the vile catalogue from which the Yankees generally contrive to select the most inappropriate.

Opposite to Gagetown, a small village thirty miles below Fredericton, is the Gemseg, or outlet of the Grand Lake; and lower down is "The Mistake," a long creek, the entrance to which is of equal width with the main stream, and bears so much the appearance of being the channel of the river, that few are they who make the upward trip, in either sail or row-boat, but, after a long sail or a tough row, discover the end of the deceitful creek, and are obliged to return to the main stream.

The scenery of St. John is decidedly fine: on either side alluvial meadows of the richest soil produce fine hay-crops; and, like the valley of the Nile, are regularly "top-dressed" by the periodical floods of the river. Farther down is found the entrance to Belleisle Bay, where the winter road from St. John debouches upon the river, whence it follows its course on the ice to Fredericton. Occasionally a large vessel is seen on the stocks in the numerous lateral creeks or still waters off the main river.

From the junction of the Nerepis with the St. John, the latter expands into a fine sheet of water. The bay of Kenebekasis opens on the left—that passed, the channel of the river becomes again confined by bold rocks, fringed with spruce firs: here and there an Indian wigwam peeps from among them, while an occasional birch canoc, silently and cautiously paddled along shore, contrasts its gay cargo of gaudy-coloured workmanship with the dark shadows of the firs, and gives a picturesque finish to the long course of the river St. John, or “Looshtook.”

On the 18th day of May, 1783, the first of a sturdy band of loyalists landed upon the rocky peninsula where now stands the city of St. John. It was then covered with a dense and tangled forest, and the first comers cleared away the trees and underwood only seventy-two years since, from a spot of ground now covered with costly buildings, and daily thronged with eager crowds, busily engaged in thriving, prosperous, and extensive trade. From this small beginning a city has sprung up, which, with its suburbs numbering nearly 40,000 inhabitants, carries on a large business with all parts of the world; and even before the roots of the trees cut down by the loyalists have rotted away, or their privations ceased, to be a subject of conversation, *there* is to be found every means of refinement and luxury, with the substantial comforts of modern days.

The city stands on rugged, rocky, and uneven plots of ground; but, within a few years, large sums have been expended in levelling and filling up, so that the streets now present excellent thoroughfares, inclined on easy slopes. St. John, being an incorporated city, is governed by a mayor, recorder, six aldermen, and six assistants, under the style of "The Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city of St. John." The mayor, recorder, common clerk, sheriff, and coroner, are appointed by the governor. The aldermen and assistants are chosen annually by the freemen of the city.

The port of St. John is convenient and safe, and sufficiently spacious to accommodate a great number of vessels. The ebb and flow of the tide is from twenty-four to thirty feet perpendicular; and one of the most important advantages of the harbour is, that in the most severe winter it is free from ice.

Within the harbour is a valuable fishery: several thousand barrels of gaspereaux are taken annually, with thousands of salmon and shad. The salmon are sent by steamers, packed in ice, to Boston, where they fetch high prices.

The imports into St. John consist chiefly of British manufactures and colonial produce; the exports are lumber, fish, furs, oils, and lime, masts, spars, and other timber.

Ships of a fine class are built here of the spruce

and birch of the country: they sail well, look smart and taught on the water, and, although not in general treated to copper, answer the purpose for which they have been built. From the bays of Miramichi and Chaleurs, Chinecto, and St. Andrew's, besides rivers too numerous to specify, others are launched equally fine. Here, as in Holland, the stranger is often surprised to come suddenly upon a huge vessel, constructing in the settler's kitchen-garden, to launch which he has to trust to his own ingenuity, and to Providence for a deluge.

Besides the steamers which ply on the river, between St. John and Fredericton, there is steam communication to Annapolis and Windsor in Nova Scotia, to St. Andrew's and Eastport in the State of Maine and the Bay of Passamaquoddy; and, during the time we were stationed at St. John, a fine boat, the *Royal Tar*, was built to run to Portland, in the United States. Unluckily, when on her third or fourth trip, she took fire and burnt to the water's edge. On board was a menagerie of wild beasts, all of which were either burnt or drowned, with the exception of an elephant, which contrived to get clear of the vessel and swim to land,—much to the astonishment of some of the Penobscot Indians, attracted to the shore by the sight of the vessel in flames. The "sea-serpent" case has puzzled Europeans; what could have astonished the red men more than to

see a huge animal, of whose existence they knew nothing, swimming lustily to shore? Sir Humphrey Davy's opinion of this supposed monster is perhaps the best which has been adduced: he says—"The sea-snakes seen by American and Norwegian captains have, I think, generally been a company of porpoises, the rising and sinking of which in lines would give somewhat the appearance of the coils of a snake." Such is Sir Humphrey Davy's opinion of the Sea Serpent, and not a bad one either.

The merchants of St. John are very enterprising, and great fortunes are often made in a very short time—sometimes lost in much less. It is said that to a successful haul of herrings may be traced the rise of the richest man in the province. They will embark in any probable speculation—witness the Suspension Bridge over the river St. John; no sooner proposed by a cunning Yankee, than £20,000 were instantly forthcoming. A tinge of the Yankee occasionally appears amongst innkeepers and that class of men. I once wrote to "mine host" of a tavern kept in St. John to inquire what price he put upon a neat grey horse which he possessed, and which I was anxious to buy for a leader in my sleigh. I received the following laconic answer:—

"Mr. Scoales will not take less than £25 for his grey horse till he alters mind."

The streets of St. John are laid out regularly, and at right angles. King's Square, at the top of the town, I have seen filled with the militia of the district; as fine and loyal a body of men as any in her Majesty's dominions. In the late war, the 104th regiment or New Brunswick Fencibles, were raised here, sent over the Portage to Quebec on snow-shoes, and did good service for the mother country. The original settlers of St. John were, as before stated, loyalists, who left the United States when they obtained their independence, and raised the few fishing-huts which then stood in "Bush" into the city of St. John. At the same time, many negro families arrived, who are still located in the "back slums."

The house inhabited by Lord Edward Fitzgerald is still standing—a mere log hut, by comparison with the smart houses built by the present generation. Cobbett was stationed here, and married a wife who lived on Fort Howe Hill. He says in some of his writings that he fell in love with her (as he was going to parade) at the door of a small log hut, where she was busily employed in scrubbing the milk-pails. He was sergeant-major in the same regiment with Lord Edward; and wrote, when stationed here, a clever treatise on the tides and navigation of the Bay of Fundy.

The greatest living curiosity, at the time I was stationed there, was the agent for "Morison's Pills." That prince of quacks and compounder

of bread and gamboge, had most judiciously selected the fattest and sleekest-looking commercial ambassador to puff off his concoctions; and a peep at the bloated charlatan must have been the strongest recommendation to the efficacy of his medicine.

At the time of our arrival, the town of St. John was built almost entirely of wood, and had the bad luck to be burnt down, more or less, every four or five years; and that part which escaped one conflagration was generally included in the next. At this time there existed but one house—with the exception of the banks—built of stone, the inhabitants of which were known as the Stone-house P——s, the better to distinguish them from their wooden connections.

One night, after mess, a messenger arrived from the mayor, stating that a fire had broken out in the town. A strong armed picquet was instantly despatched: scarcely had they left the barracks, before a second messenger made his appearance, reporting that fears were entertained lest the whole town would be consumed. All hands then turned out, and went down at the “double march.” It blew a gale of wind. The thermometer stood at 7° below zero, the fire raged, every thing was frozen up, and no water was to be obtained, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the wharfs. The scene of confusion was beyond description. Gentlemen,

either from over-excitement or inebriation, floundered into tar-barrels, took fire, and rushed about requesting to be extinguished; one had, partly from the above cause, partly from fatigue, sat down in a wheelbarrow on one of the quays; it was within the influence of a hose, the spray from which, aided by 39° of frost below the freezing point, soon made him part and parcel of the barrow. A friend found him, and no one being at hand, he was wheeled off to be cut out.

Neither were the ladies anything daunted, but busied themselves in throwing beds, wardrobes, and all their finery, out of the windows, and trusting to friends to carry them to the banks or other places of safety. On the part of the authorities of the town, neither order, system, nor regularity was observed; it was every one for himself, and the soldiers for them all. In the hope of cutting off the fire, grappling-hooks, with long ropes attached to them, were thrown over houses, and by the force of a hundred men pulled bodily down. The officers and men worked like horses.

The grappling-hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors.

The fire raged unchecked, as ashes and burning shingles were carried by the wind, and fresh

houses and streets ignited. Notwithstanding the flames and the exertion of the men, so intense was the cold, that many were frost-bitten.

All hopes of extinguishing the fire being abandoned, one of the authorities sent to the commanding-officer, requesting that guards might be despatched to the different roads leading out of the town; as sleigh-loads of plunder (the bells being taken off the horses to enable them to get away unheard) were being carried off, and boats employed by sea for the same purpose. I proceeded with the picquet to one of the roads; the cold was so severe, that we were obliged to run up and down to keep the blood in circulation, and had not enjoyed this jog-trot exercise long, when the sergeant reported that an unnaturally fat woman was coming along, and at a very slow pace, considering the state of the atmosphere; hinting, at the same time, at some comparisons with a lady of Carlton (on the other side of the river), who a few days previously had blessed the province with four little Bluenoses* at one birth. She was accordingly examined, and safely delivered of quantities of plunder, which she had swathed round her body.

Alongside of the South Market Wharf lay a tier of vessels, and, some powder having exploded, the one nearest to the wharf was in

* All persons born in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are called Bluenoses.

imminent danger. An inhabitant of the town; Mr. W——, went up to Corporal Harrison, who, with a party of the regiment, had saved upwards of two hundred casks of spirits on the said wharf—and slapped him on the back—“Corporal,” said he, “you are not afraid of a little powder.” “No,” replied Harrison, “nor a great deal of fire either.”

The heat had by this time become so intense as to set fire to the fore-topsail of the brigantine—and a second explosion almost immediately took place. All hands then left the vessels to their fate, and the whole must have perished, had it not been for the gallant conduct of the above-mentioned Corporal Harrison and private John Burgess, who went aloft, and by means of the signal-halliards, with a bucket attached to each end, managed to keep the sails sufficiently wet to stay the progress of the flames and to prevent further mischief. The tide then began to make, and a boat with some sailors came to their assistance: a rope was made fast to the wharf, and the vessels were hauled clear of the fire and further damage.

Corporal William Harrison and private John Burgess, for their daring conduct on this occasion, were presented with the freedom of the city of St. John. Quere, would they not have benefited much more by a ten-pound note?

Towards daybreak the fire was at its greatest

pitch. Numbers of casks, filled with oil and blubber, took fire. The effect was sublime, and the liquid sheet of flame was seen for sixty miles in all directions.*

Notwithstanding the changes from extreme heat to intense cold, the climate of New Brunswick is particularly healthy. The summers are fine; though fogs occasionally prevail at St. John, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Bay of Fundy. The autumn (so expressively termed "the fall") is delightful, particularly the two latter months known as "the Indian summer," at which time the early frosts tinge the leaves of the hard wood with the brightest colours imaginable. The effect of this varied foliage, of every shade of yellow, scarlet, and purple, contrasted with the darkling hues of the fir tribe, is striking in the highest degree. This season is most enjoyable, and the sunsets are glorious. About Christmas the snow has fallen, and the frost may be said to have fairly set in. The sun shines bright and clear in the deep blue heavens; and though the thermometer may be

† By this fire, which broke out on the 4th of January, 1837, were consumed stores and 115 houses, many of them valuable, and full of merchandize; more than one-third of the "business" part of the city, containing buildings and property to the amount of £250,000 was swept away. The erection of wooden buildings is now prohibited by law; many massive ranges of stone and brick at present occupy the places of the old wooden shanties, and the town wears an altogether different appearance.

down to five-and-twenty degrees below zero, there is something particularly exhilarating in the dry, clear air. The nights are proportionably fine, and the northern lights may be seen in all their glory, often assuming that beautiful rose-colour, nowhere to be witnessed so grand as in northern latitudes.

Then the lumberers repair to the backwoods in search of the pine and spruce fir, which grow to enormous heights, often two hundred feet, perfectly straight and healthy, and so close together, as to be self-pruned; a knife should never be applied to any of the pinus tribe (a pernicious practice too often perceptible in English plantations), as it only causes the tree to bleed. The axes of the American lumberers are totally different from those used in the Old World. The haft, made of hickory, is curved, and has a knob at the end: in delivering the stroke, the axe is swung as high as the head, the hands slipping up to the knob. Two backwoodsmen will fell one of these huge pines in an incredibly short time. Of course, when a tree is thus cut breast high, in addition to perhaps three feet of snow upon which the man may have been standing, there is a waste of timber which, although not thought of in the forests of America, would be a serious consideration in England. When felled and snagged, one end of the tree is placed upon a small sleigh, and dragged out of the bush by

oxen. It is then piled along with others upon the frozen rivers, and the mass is carried down by the stream when the ice breaks up: passing in its progress through lakes, and from river to river, till it reaches the St. John, where the logs are claimed by their different owners, formed into rafts, and finally descend to St. John, whence they are shipped for England.

Apropos to timber, it is a curious fact that, in the forests of North America, should the primeval growth be hard wood, oak, beech, birch, hickory, maple, &c., and be cut down *en masse*, pine or firs spring up in their stead, and *vice versa*: further, should the second growth be allowed sufficient time to attain any size, the same effect will ensue on felling that, and so *ad infinitum*. The same thing may be observed in the forests of Carniola and Bohemia; it is the case in all natural forests, and was also remarked by Franklin in the sterile districts inhabited by the Esquimaux.

The cold during the winter nights is very severe. The sentinels are frequently obliged to be relieved every half-hour, and the officers, so long as they are beardless, may enjoy horizontal refreshment in peace; but when they obtain those manly appendages, yclept whiskers, they find that turning in bed becomes hopeless, and, being "brought up with a round turn," discover that they are frozen to the sheets; and we were told that families have been awakened by their houses

becoming roofless, owing to the intensity of the frost extracting the nails by which the shingles were fastened to the rafters. Provisions are brought into St. John frozen hard, and they will keep perfectly well so long as the frost lasts; it is ludicrous enough to see pigs, hares, and large cod-fish frozen stiff, and carried by a leg or tail over a man's shoulder like a musket.

Skating, sleighing, and dancing are the amusements of the opulent: so anxious were some of the young ladies to make their *début*, that at one of the balls a fair creature, whom the morning's *leçon* had advanced only to the third figure of the quadrilles, stood up to dance with a brother-officer; on arriving at *l'été*, she deliberately walked off, and returned to her place, exclaiming, "Now I guess I'll sit down; I don't know any more," leaving her partner to make his peace with her *vis-à-vis*.

Yachting on the frozen Kenebekasis was but a frigid amusement at the best. The manufacture of an ice-boat is simple enough: over two long skates are placed any construction sufficient to hold the party, and a long pole is lashed across at right angles, which prevents the boat from capsizing. When the wind is high, she flies over the ice at a most terrific rate; and goes so near the wind, that the least touch of the helm sends her round, when she is instantly off again on the other tack. A favourite amusement is coasting. On

moonlight nights, a party repair to the top of some steep frozen descent, and ladies and gentlemen in pairs seat themselves upon little sleighs or coasters, and push them off. After a thaw the frost makes the surface of the snow as slippery as glare ice; the pace is then awful, and the roll in the snow proportionate. They are steered in their headlong descent by a slight pressure of the heel; but the ladies, being more *au fait* at it than we were, sat in front and guided them.

The meeting of the Tandem Club was a very gay affair indeed; twice in each week, twenty sleighs, painted of the most gaudy colours, and decked with furs of all kinds, trimmed with fringe of different colours, drove off from the barracks or other rendezvous. The last married lady was selected as chaperon, and there were plenty of fair candidates for the drive. The brass band and merry bells added not a little to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The sleighs used in New Brunswick are of all forms and kinds—from that constructed with a couple of ash-poles (a nick alone distinguishing where the runners terminate and the shafts commence) with a few boards placed across to support a barrel, in which the victim sits or stands, to the double or single sleighs on high runners, not forgetting the Madawaska Cariole, the height of luxury and the perfection of locomotion, in which you recline, covered up to the chin in furs. It is

absolutely necessary in the construction of a sleigh that the "runners" should be a good distance apart, and "flare out" sufficiently; for, should the road be covered with ice, and "bogged up" in the centre, the sleigh will slide to one side with great velocity, particularly when turning a corner sharp. This is called "*slewing*," and the slightest impediment on the ice will then be sufficient to upset the sleigh. When a "slew" takes place, it is necessary to pull the shaft-horse *with it*; a beginner is sure to do exactly the reverse, and is certain to be capsized. Even a high wind is sufficient to blow a sleigh round in an exposed situation, and even upon "glare ice" an upset is likely to happen, unless the runners "flare out" well at bottom.

I originally purchased a sleigh with faulty runners, and had several upsets and smashes, on which occasions the wreck alone of the "conveyance" reached barracks. One day, out sleighing on the Kenebekasis, the ice was glare, and in the most perfect order; there was not the slightest draught, and my horses were trotting along merrily at the rate of twelve miles an hour, when, all at once, a squall of wind caught the sleigh and spun it round; and the runners at the same time encountering some roughness on the surface, the sleigh was upset, and the horses, as is generally the case, instantly set off at full gallop: for some time I was held in by the apron, and slipped along on my

side, keeping a tight hold of the reins. The leader was galloping like a Caraboo, and the shaft-horse giving occasional kicks at the mass of encumbrance about his heels. At length the apron gave way, and still holding on by the reins, I was jerked off in the manner of one of those swings used in gymnastic academies, to be as quickly banged against the splash-board; and, four or five of these *coups* coming in quick succession, I was obliged to shorten my hold of the reins, by which the distance between the shaft-horse's heels and my head being in consequence much diminished, I thought with the knight "that discretion was the better part of valour," and—let go.

On getting up and shaking myself, I saw my servant, who had been pitched out of the hind seat, some three-quarters of a mile behind, and the distance between him and myself preserved in perspective by sundry cushions, skins, linings, and bits of fringe; and, on turning to look after the sleigh, I had the felicity to see the horses still going "Derby pace," and just *debouching* from the ice, "steering wild" for a gap in a "zigzag" fence. Bang they went against the rails, giving the *coup de grace* to the proceeding, and going well away into the woods with the shafts dangling about their heels. I then built a new sleigh with very wide runners.

The painting and trimming up of the sleigh

depend much upon the taste of the possessor; the general colours are dark bodies, with scarlet runners. I found that a white ground, picked out with bright vermilion, and bear and buffalo skins, with a liberal quantity of deep scarlet curtain fringe, and scarlet cloth, cut into scallops, arranged in studied confusion, the whole furnished with a huge pair of moose-horns in front, looked extremely light and gay on the snow; and the white, from being relieved by the vermilion, had no dirty appearance when contrasted with the snow.

The horses bred in the province are compact little animals, and trot at a tremendous pace, particularly upon glare ice; so docile are they, from being brought up in the house as part of the family, and so attached are the Bluenoses to them, that a man, hearing I possessed a grey horse (a famous trotter) which he had bred, came a long distance to see him. Two years had elapsed since he had sold him; he might have been "*a whisperer*;" but no sooner had he entered the stables, and spoken to him, than the horse reared upon his hind legs, and showed every symptom of recognition and delight. I drove that horse and another, without the least preparation, from St. John to Fredericton in ten hours; the ice was in good order; the distance eighty-four miles.

The drivers of the stages and the inhabitants, if halting either for refreshment or for the night,

never care to bring their horses cool into the stable, or even to rub them down; but, on the contrary, the perspiration is allowed to freeze upon their coats, which are a mass of hoar-frost by the next morning. They never catch cold, nor are they the worse for it.

It is the custom in this province, and indeed in most of the States, to drive without bearing reins and with snaffle-bits; and so quiet are the horses in harness, that breeching is but rarely used. The drivers in general put the horses into a full gallop, and charge down hill, either when in a waggon or a sleigh—the impetus carrying them some distance up the opposite slope. It would be ridiculous to see horses borne up, champing their bits and tossing the foam from their proud heads, without the corresponding appendage of a fat and jolly-looking coachman, to whose hands the guidance of a perfect London “turn-out” is entrusted; and the amusing author of “the Bubbles” has remarked that, as we bear up our horses to the utmost extent, the Germans go into the opposite extreme, and take great pains to tie the heads of theirs down; but it appears to me, that for work, to say nothing of the comfort of the animal, the Bluenose arrangement is preferable.

Towards spring, when the ice is expected to break up, horses are driven with long cords (acting as safety reins), fastened round their necks with a running knot. Should the ice give way,

the driver immediately hauls upon the rope until he has, *pro tem.*, strangled the animal. The air, thus confined, inflates him; he floats, and is easily dragged out upon the sound ice, when, the cord being cut, he jumps up, seldom or ever the worse for his immersion.

Every fresh fall of snow obliterates the beaten sleigh-tracks; and, in order to avoid doubtful ice, or air-holes, it is customary to mark out the different crossings over the frozen bays or rivers, by fixing young fir-trees into the ice at intervals. No one can imagine, until caught in a North American snow-storm, what a guide and blessing they are.

Never shall I forget returning to St. John, after a hunting expedition, accompanied by an inhabitant of that place, and being obliged to cross the Grand Bay and part of the Kenëbekasis; frozen sheets of water, just above the tide-way, and over which we had sleighed in perfect safety in the morning. The moon shone clear and bright, and we had crossed one-half of the Grand Bay, when all at once we heard strange sounds, like the clang of hundreds of rifles discharged on all sides in the surrounding forests: it was soon evident whence the noise proceeded—from the effect of the noonday's sun, the ice was breaking up. It was a route but seldom ventured over, and was not, for that reason, marked out with fir-branches. I was confident that, so far, I had

kept the right course, and urged on the horses, who snorted and showed evident symptoms of terror. Suddenly the moon became overcast—black clouds began to gather and darken the heavens; a tremendous storm came on, and the snow beat thick and fast in our faces. We came to a crack in the ice at least a yard wide, which extended across the whole bay. There was no time to be lost in searching for a narrow place, as the cracking of the ice became tremendous; so, no alternative was left but to run the horses at the chasm, which they cleared in gallant style, and, by keeping them in full gallop, in ten minutes we were safe on the main land. Next day boats were to be seen upon the water; the ice having totally disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE MILICETE AND MICMAC INDIANS.

Origin of the Indians, a Quere—Fossil Remains—Mr. Gesner—Micmacs, or “Salt-water” Indians—Boundary between them and the Milicete—Render Homage to the Iroquois—Council-fire still burns—Their *Totems*—Language—Papoose—Wigwams—Snow-shoes—Patterns—Old John and Cockney.

THE colour, appearance, and general habits of the Indians inhabiting North America, have been often ably described—as often quite the reverse. And, as the public have lately had the works of

Catlin before them, and the Ojibbeways as living models, little remains to be said. It would be quite absurd, in this slight sketch of the Indians inhabiting New Brunswick to recapitulate the many conflicting opinions, or to enter into the arguments *pro* and *con*.—how or by what means the continent of America* was peopled originally; whether Behring's Straits were or were not at any former period dry land, or whether rocks or islands existed in these straits; or by what means (if it even were so) men were ferried over from Asia to people the continent of America. All

* "In America the same difficulties present themselves in relation to the origin and propagation of races as in the Old World. The most recent inquiries authorized the distinction of two families inhabiting America: first, a race called Toltuan, belonging originally to Mexico and Peru, which, from the shapes of the skulls found in the graves, and the accompanying relics, give evidence of greater civilization than belongs to the present natives; and, secondly, a people which, extending over the greater portion of the vast continent, embraces all the barbarous nations of the New World, excepting the Polar tribes, or Mongolian Americans, which are presumed to be straggling parties from Asia, such as the Esquimaux, Greenlanders, and Fins.

"In the native American, there is no trace of the frizzled locks of the Polynesian, or the woolly texture on the head of the Negro. The hair is long, lank, and black; the beard is deficient; the cheek-bones are large and prominent; the lower jaw broad and ponderous, truncated in front; the teeth vertical and very large; the nose is decidedly arched, and the nasal cavities of great size. They ought not to be called the copper-coloured race. The colour is brown, or of a cinnamon tint. As in the Old World, the colour varies, and the darker shade does not always correspond with the climate or vicinity to the equator."—*Sir Charles Bell on "Anatomy of Expression."*

this I must leave to the fertile imaginations of such men as will try to convince the world that Greenland once formed a part of North America; that the Esquimaux understand the language of the natives of that country; and that the birds and beasts (however much they may have degenerated by migration) originally came from the Old World. I have nothing further to adduce, for my part, than that, unless the ark was affected by the Gulf stream during the forty days that it continued on the face of the waters, and, as it neared the coast of America, a couple of alligators took the opportunity of swimming ashore, that species of reptile must have suffered dreadfully from cold in their "overland passage," either by way of Greenland or Behring's Straits.*

Apropos of antediluvian theories, Mr. Gesner has discovered the bones of a large fossil elephant, which had been originally mistaken for wood, and sold in the market of St. John as such. These remains are in his possession, and he has obtained such information as may probably lead to the discovery of skeletons of

* While permitting myself to speak lightly of the conflicting opinions of those gentlemen, who each arrange creation to suit their particular theories, I am far from meaning to jest on the sublime descriptions of Genesis. I believe that it has been proved by ship-builders that the dimensions of this wonderful ark are the most perfect that could have been thought of. There cannot be a more striking instance of that Divine wisdom "which ordereth all things well."

other gigantic animals which have long since ceased to exist on the earth. Mr. Gesner is descended from the celebrated Conrad Gesner, who first distinguished the genera of plants from a comparison of their flowers, seed, and fruit. He was employed in making a geological survey of the province, during which time he managed to collect a capital museum of its natural productions, which he sold to the Mechanics' Institute of the city of St. John for £600.

There are in New Brunswick two tribes of Indians, differing widely from each other in their language, customs, implements, and habits of life; and the striking difference in almost every particular, between two people inhabiting the same country, and evidently sprung from the same common stock, constitutes not the least remarkable point of interest among many which attach to this singular race.

First in order, not only as the most numerous, but as possessing both moral and physical superiority over the others, are the Micmacs, a tall and powerful race of men, who frequent the north-eastern shores of the province, bordering on the great Gulf of St. Lawrence; and who form part of an Indian nation which extends over Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, and Gaspé. The lesser and inferior body are the Micicets, who frequent the St. John and its tributary waters.

The Micmacs are strongly attached to the sea-side, near which they are generally found; and, from this circumstance, the Milicete commonly call them "the salt-water Indians." Their hunting grounds, over which they range uncontrolled, and of which they are supposed to have the sole possession, embrace the whole north-eastern coast of New Brunswick from Baie Verte to the Baie des Chaleurs, and thence extending back to the head waters of all the streams on that coast, which flow into the Gulf.

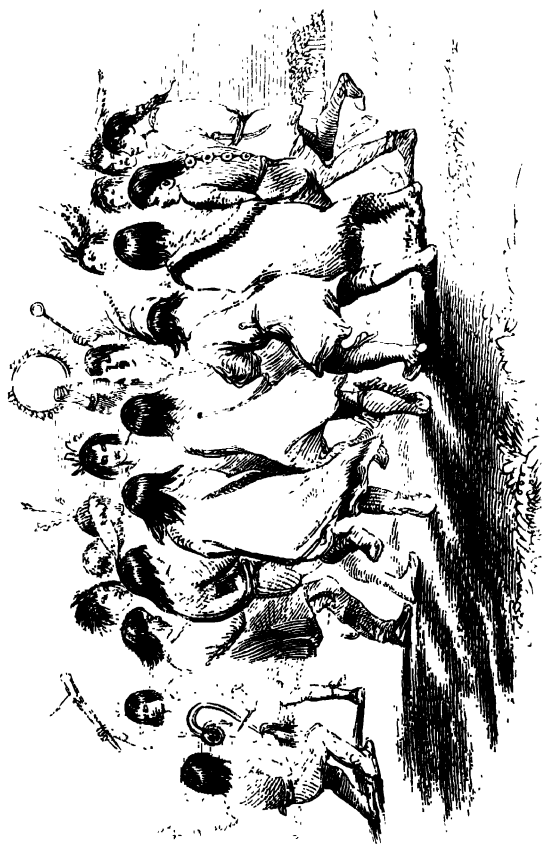
The hunting country of the Milicete comprises all the extensive territory watered by the St. John and its numerous tributaries, whether flowing from the eastward or the westward. The boundary between the Micmac and Milicite hunting countries is such a line as will separate the waters flowing eastwardly into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from those flowing westwardly into the river St. John. The westward boundary is a line which separates the waters flowing eastwardly into the St. John from those flowing westwardly into the Penobscot river, in the State of Maine; at the sources of the eastern tributaries of the river, the hunting country of the Penobscot tribe commences.

This last-mentioned tribe reside within the limits of the United States, yet they speak the Milicete language, and render homage to the chief of the Milicetes in New Brunswick, whom they regard as their head and leader.

The whole number of Milicetes at present in New Brunswick is scarcely five hundred; the number of the Micmacs somewhat exceeds one thousand. The village of the Milicites is situated on the right bank of the St. John, about ten miles above Fredericton, and on the same side of the river.

The Milicete language is a dialect of the Huron, the language of the Iroquois, of which once powerful confederacy they formed a branch tribe. The council-fire of the Iroquois is yet kept burning at Caughnawaga, an Indian village, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, a few miles above Montreal, where the great chief of the nation resides. A deputation of the chiefs and principal men of the Milicetes proceed every third year to Caughnawaga to report on the state of affairs, and take part in the grand council of the nation there held.

Those acquainted with Indian history will remember that the Iroquois nation was formed by the celebrated confederacy of the Six Nations, who received the designation of Iroquois from the French, but were called Mingoes by the English. They present the only example of intimate union recorded in the history of the Aborigines, and were by far the most powerful body of Indians upon the continent of America. They consisted originally of five nations, namely, the Mohawks, the Onondagoes, the Senecas, the Oneidas, and the



Cayugas. About 1717, the Tuscaroras joined the confederacy, and formed the sixth nation: since that period, they have been sometimes known as the Five, but more frequently as the Six Nations. These several nations were subdivided into various tribes and families, and this subdivision formed an important part of Indian policy.

The number of these tribes among the various nations was different, and perhaps indefinite; they usually extended, however, from five to six, twelve, or fifteen. Each has a distinct appellation derived from some familiar animal, as the bear tribe, the eagle tribe, or the wolf tribe, and the figure of the animal giving name to the tribe became the *totem*, or armorial bearing, of every individual belonging to it. When it became necessary to identify a person in any of their rude drawings, or in later times, when one of them was required to affix his mark to any instrument prepared by the white man, his *totem* was first made, and then any particular characteristic was added which might apply to him individually. The *totem* of the Milicete is the beaver, and a member of the tribe who wished to designate himself would first sketch the figure of the beaver, and then place beneath it his own peculiar *totem*, or crest, such as the hawk, or pigeon, the minx, eel, or salmon.!

Before the arrival of Europeans in America, the office of giving names was deputed to the

wise and aged Indians, who had the best knowledge of the ancient names of their forefathers, and were most capable of inventing new ones. At that period, such names as "the sloping sky," "the pleasant flowing stream," "the sparkling light," "the roaring thunder," "the leaping panther," "the cloud that rolls beyond," "the noon-day sun," were in common use; but their present designations have been acquired very differently.

The Indians of New Brunswick were first converted to Christianity, and taught the principles of the Catholic faith, to which they religiously adhere, by the Jesuit missionaries, a class of men of whom it must be admitted that, whatever may have been their supposed sins in the old world, they have in the new been known chiefly as the friends, protectors, and civilizers of a race, forsaken or trampled upon by nearly all besides. When they baptized their converts, they conferred upon them names selected from the calender of saints; and these names, with those borne by the descendants of French officers, or the early French settlers who intermarried with the Indians, now form nearly the whole of the appellations borne by the Micicetes and Micmacs.

Many families bear the names of those from whom they have descended among the French; and among the Micmacs, the *St. Juliens*, the *De*

Pommevilles, the *De Bois*, the *Des Dames*, the *La Roques*, and the *La Bognes*, are all very numerous. One tall, handsome sub-chief, who resides at the *Milicete* village, is the descendant of a French officer of engineers, and bears the name of his progenitor, *Vassal le Conte*; and at the same village, a very pretty young squaw, an orphan, bears the romantic name of *Cecile le Belmont*.

With their names the Indians of the province acquired much of the dress of the early settlers, who were principally Basques, Bretons, and Normans; and the picturesque Basque dress is much in vogue with the Micmac squaws to the present hour.

The language of the Micmacs is a dialect of the Algonquin, of which powerful nation they once formed a large and influential portion. The Algonquin nation formerly numbered twenty-two different tribes—the Micmacs, Elchemins, Abenakis, Tokokis, Pastuckets, Pokanokets, Narragansetts, Regnoils, Mohegans, Lenni-Lenapes, *Cormen* (as the Delawares styled themselves), Nanticokes, Powhatans, Shawnees, Miamis, Illinois, Chippewas (latterly called Ojibbeway), Ottawas, Menomonies, Lacs, Foxes, and Kickahoos, which were again subdivided into more than a hundred tribes.

The Lord's Prayer, in the *Milicete* language, is as follows:—

"Me-tox-sen' a spum-keek ay-e-en sa-ga-mow-ee tel-mox-se'en tel-e-wee-so-teek. Cheep-tooke wee-chey-u-leek spum-keektaun e-too-chee-sauk-too-leek spum-a-kay-e'en. Too-eep-nauk-na-meen kes-e-këes-skah-keel wek-a-yeu-leek el-me-kees-kaak keel-mets-min a-woo-lee. Ma-hate-moo-in ka-te a-le-wa-nay³-oot-te'ek el-mas we-chee-a-keel me-koke-may-keel ne-ma-hate-hum-too-moo-in."

In the Micmac language, the Lord's Prayer, as corrected by the Richibucto Indians from the version printed at Quebec, in 1817, reads thus:—

"Noorch enen waa-soke a-bin, chip-took², tal-wee-sin me-ga-day-de-mak. Waa-soke tee-lee-daa-nen chip-took igga-nam-win oo-la nee-moo-lek naa-de-la-tay-se-nen. Naa-tel waa-soke ai-keek chip-took ta-lee-ska-doo-lek magami-guek ay-e-mek. Tel-la-moo koo-be-na-gal es-me-a-gul opch nega-atch kees-kook ig-ga-nam-win nee-loo-nen. Ta-lee a-bik-chik-ta-kaa-chik wa-gai-nee-na-met-nik elk-keel nees-kaam a-bik-chick-too-in el-wa-wool-ti-jeck. Mel-kee-nin maach win-shee-gul mook-ta-gaa-lin kees-e-na-waam-kil win-che-gul ko-qu³-ak too-ack-too-in."

It is said, that in all the vast extent of Canada and the United States, there are but three radical or mother tongues—the Sioux, the Algonquin, and the Huron. The Sioux is rather a hissing than an articulation of sounds. The Huron language has great dignity, pathos, and elevation; and the ancient missionaries did not scruple to compare it with the finest languages known. The Algonquin, however, they say, excels the Huron in smoothness and elegance; and, so far as Mr. Perley was able to judge from the Micmac dialect, far excels the Huron in power, comprehensiveness, and lofty imagery. Both languages,

it may be remarked, have a dual number, and in other respects resemble the Greek. All the changes of mood, person, tense, and number, are formed by change of terminals. Upwards of two thousand terminals are made on one radix in the Micmac language. It is, therefore, difficult to speak it in all its purity with correctness; yet enough of it may be learnt in a few weeks by a person acquainted with French, English, and Latin, to converse sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes.

The females, when young, are occasionally exceedingly handsome; and that prominency so observable in the cheek-bones of the men, among the women is but faintly marked. Their noses are, in general, aquiline, and finely shaped, and their eyes possess a peculiar, soft, languid expression; their teeth are fine, white, and even; while their magnificent long black hair is carefully parted down the centre, and plaited behind in two long tails, through which is generally threaded some bright-coloured ribbon. I have often seen their plaits reach nearly to the ground. Their figures in early life are fine, with hands and feet peculiarly small; but their gait is ungraceful, as they turn in their feet, and shuffle along with a lateral jerk of the whole body at every step.

Although very handsome women are to be met with among them, they are by no means to be

taken as a type of the tribe. In general, they are plain-looking, and sometimes even frightful. Indeed, all quickly lose any trace of good looks, owing to the hardships which they endure, in addition to child-bearing and exposure to every kind of weather, and that too in a climate so variable as theirs.

Nowhere, with the exception of the unfortunate female peasants of Bavaria, have I seen the weaker sex so degraded. The squaws carry the papoose, and often very heavy burdens; make the greater part of the canoe, and, when completed, have to assist in propelling it; in short, they do all the drudgery: it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that they should become bloated, unwieldy, and prematurely old. I do not recollect to have ever seen a good-looking middle-aged woman among them.

The manners of both sexes are never vulgar, because they are always naturally courteous. When they appear in full dress, the squaws wear a conical-shaped head-dress of blue or scarlet cloth, embroidered with white beads, and edged with ribbons; a long frock, reaching a little below the knees, with scarlet or blue cloth leggings; in finishing them the seams are not turned in, but out, and the wider they can contrive to have the surplus cloth on the outside the more it can be bedizened with ribbons, beads, and wampum. Their moccasins, made from moose leather, are

beautifully embroidered with beads. The Milicete tribes use beads instead of the hair of the moose, or porcupine quills are employed for this purpose by most of the tribes in Upper and Lower Canada, and in the far West. The front of their dress is fastened by a number of circular silver buckles, the largest being placed at the top, and diminishing as they descend, more ornamental than useful. These constitute their trinkets, which they always carry attached to their persons; and, as cloth is expensive, the men generally appropriate that to their own use, while the poor squaws are commonly seen in old chintzes or Manchester cottons, with a blanket, serving in the severity of the winter as cloak by day and bed by night, so completing the toilette and wardrobe of a female Milicete.

To adorning the "lords of creation" everything is sacrificed among the Indian tribes without exception. As we say of the feathered tribe, fine feathers are supposed at least to make "fine birds!" The male, in the latter case, is always of more gaudy plumage; so the Indian shines resplendent in his decorations and paint, while the unfortunate squaw hides "her diminished head." His head-dress, when in gala costume, is fashioned somewhat like that described as worn by the women, but descends much farther down the back, having two pointed horns of the same material—not unlike horses' ears—on the top:

these are embroidered with beads; and the flap which hangs down is striped with ribbons of different colours. The coat or hunting-frock does not reach so low as that of the squaw; it is, in general, blue, with scarlet cuffs and collar, richly worked over in glass, and scarlet cloth let into each seam as in a lancer's jacket. A broad crimson ribbon gives a very pretty finish to the bottom of the coat, and the back and shoulders represent a mass of embroidery.

Some chiefs of the Penobscot tribe wear short red coats, an entire mass of beads. It is very gaudy; but the white beads, in my opinion, are preferable. From the shoulder-belt or baldrick hangs the powder-horn; the knives, tomahawks, tobacco-pouches or pitchnaugans' skins (entire) are suspended by their belts of wampum. When the costume of this tribe is well "got up," it is almost magnificent.

Papoose is the name applied either to the infant of the Indian, or to the wooden kind of box or portable cradle in which the unfortunate child is bound. Before the infant is placed, the arms are extended down the sides and swathed round and round with cloth or other bandages, until it resembles a mummy, in the manner practised by Roman mothers even at the present day. This confinement and distortion of limb during infancy are alleged by many to cause the awkwardness of the Indian's gait in adults. The swathing being

complete, the child is placed on its back, and fastened down by hoops of hickory or ash. On the move, the squaws carry the papoose on their backs; and, when employed, hang it up on the nearest branch.

The operation of swathing occupies much time, and the child often remains for long periods thus encased. Nothing but the face is visible; and the situation of a papoose thus suspended is anything but enviable. It is easily discovered by the swarm of mosquitoes and black flies attracted.

Old enough to be released from this cruel imprisonment, they are suffered to run about naked, and roll in the mud, until sufficiently hardened. "The young idea" soon "learns how to shoot," and to perform astonishingly with bow and arrow—a practice entirely relinquished by the elderly portion of the community, since the Birmingham catch-penny pieces, those vilest of guns, have been introduced into America—though they may contrive to direct a ball at one hundred yards with similar precision to that fired from the best rifle turned out of Moore's or Lancaster's shop.

Each Indian tribe has its own peculiar form as well as pattern for everything they make and wear—whether in canoes, wigwams, or snowshoes; embroidery on birch-bark, cloth, or leather; be it in moose hair, wampum, or porcupine quills. The Indian instantly knows, by the

fashion, to which tribe belongs each slightest ornament or utensil. All the manufactures of the Milicete are more graceful in form and proportion than those of any other tribe I ever saw in North America; and many of their patterns, now that fresco painting has come into vogue, would be beautiful as borders to arabesques.

Their canoes are formed of one piece of bark entire, stripped from the betula papyracea, often attaining seventy feet in height, and it is best when obtained in the winter months—fire is then applied to make the tree peel—and a “winter bark” canoe becomes the article of greatest value among an Indian’s “household gods.” It is difficult to find a tree sufficiently clean and free from knots. The growth of every canoe birch sapling of promise is jealously watched. Who can say that the hatchet has not been dug up, and the flame of war not kindled in olden time for so trivial a cause as a roll of birch-bark?

The gunwales of the canoe are made of fir; the ribs and flooring of white cedar (lightest of all kinds of American timber), over which the bark is stretched, and the whole sewed together with the fibrous roots of white spruce, about the size of a quill, which are deprived of the bark, split, and suppled in water. The seams are coated and rendered water-tight by gum of spruce or balsam-firs. The average weight may be one hundred and twenty pounds, and length varying from six-

teen to twenty-one feet. An Indian thinks little of carrying one on his head; in addition to, perhaps, a hind-quarter of moose deer, or some such weight, on his back; and will trudge along at a pace that would surprise our best mountain sportsmen.

An enormous load may be packed into one of their canoes. I have seen a family, fifteen or sixteen in number, with all their goods and chattels, stowed away in a birch canoe, about nineteen feet in length; and, when loaded in this way to the very water's edge, they will fearlessly hoist an old blanket by way of a lug-sail, and "carry on," when a tremendous sea is running. In order to preserve their canoes during the winter season, they bury them in snow—a practice which fully answers the purpose. Nothing can be more graceful on the water than a Milicete canoe; at the same time, so frail are they, that it generally costs the uninitiated several good duckings before he learns the use of the paddle, or how to preserve his equilibrium.

The economy of an Indian's hut or wigwam is perfect. A number of poles are fastened together near the apex, while the lower extremities are extended until sufficient base is obtained (and they can be likened to nothing in England save the piles of poles in Kent after hop harvest is finished); over this skeleton work extended sheets of birch bark are sewed together. Sufficient aper-

ture is left at top to allow the smoke to escape, and to do duty for a chimney. The entrance is cut out of the roll of bark. An old blanket or piece of cloth is suspended by way of door. This covering, as well as the whole building, may be taken down and rendered transportable in a few minutes.

When about to make a permanent camp, or to remain for any length of time in one particular spot, great neatness may be observed in the interior economy of their wigwams. The floor is covered, for a space extending round the whole circumference, with ends of the branches of silver fir, broken short off and placed one over another, slanting towards the centre. In the midst is the fire, and four laths of fir accurately determine the finish of the divan and commencement of the kitchen department. In their cuisine they have made but little progress. A stone trough, or old frying-pan, is the utmost limit to which their culinary implements extend.

About their wigwams is to be seen the Indian dog—a cross, in which that of the fox evidently predominates—and the sharp-pointed ears, long, slender, black hairs, and bushy tail, denote their origin. The bodies of these dogs are exceedingly long, and their legs as remarkably short. They are very small, and so light as to be able to run over the snow when covered with the slightest crust: they have, therefore, a great advantage when in pursuit of large game, which in similar

chase flounders. These dogs are very stanch, and, when once put upon the track of a moose or bear, will not leave it until they bring the one to bay, or "tree" the other. In the winter season, they do good service for the Indian, and are harnessed in couples of two, four, and six, to small sledges.

Neither the Micmacs nor Milicetes disfigure themselves with paint or tattooing. Probably the custom has worn out, since the adoption of the Christian religion or from length of intercourse with European settlers. The Micmac nation, owing to the exertions of Mr. Perley, their adopted chief, have all taken the pledge; and in all probability, by the endeavours of that gentleman, the Milicetes will be induced to follow suit; but at the time of our sojourn in the province, many Milicetes were to be seen drunk about the streets of St. John. It is, nevertheless, a remarkable trait in the Indian character, that, however the vice may be indulged while in a town, it is a point of honour, when engaged on an expedition into the woods, never to touch spirits.

I once took an Indian off from St. John in a hurry, to hunt; although I knew that he had been in a state of inebriation for three previous days, and the effects of the debauch had not "died in him," yet when, after a tough chase of four hours and a half, on snow-shoes, I offered him my brandy-flask, he shook his head as he replied, "Me no touch dat in woods, never;" and

he persisted in his resolution in spite of my persuasions.

Notwithstanding the long intercourse they have had with Europeans, they will not adopt European customs; and they entertain an innate aversion to civilized life. Great exertions have often been made by different governors to inculcate domestic habits, to induce them to cultivate the soil, and to build houses. One of the chiefs, old Louis Bear, if I recollect right, at the particular request of one of their excellencies, built a stone house of two stories. When completed, he requested that the governor would come and see what he had done. He had built a house, and spent a deal of money in the construction; but, on close inspection, it was discovered that he had built his wigwam inside!

I have been informed that Indians of the Micmac tribe, taken into the woods by the officers of the Halifax garrison, are generally an extremely lazy set,—very few of them good hunters, and those that are so give themselves great airs. The family of the Glodes, near Annapolis, and the Indians in that village, are excellent hunters, as are also old Saccobè, Joe Lola, Louis Polcis, Louis Bear, and John Sabbattis, of the Milicete nation. They are the most trustworthy and faithful in the woods; and this tribute, in the shape of a recommendation to any one about to follow the chase in the neighbourhood of Anna-

polis, Nova Scotia, St. John, or Fredericton, in New Brunswick, is paid to their honesty and good-will, by one who had every reason to be satisfied with their exemplary conduct.

I never could persuade my faithful pilot of many trips in "the woods," John Sabbattis, to sleep at an inn, when *en route* for distant hunting grounds,—nor, indeed, eat in one; he would steal off and return at the appointed hour. The Indian, when hired for an expedition, must be treated kindly; he is fed and paid commonly at the rate of a dollar a day; and there is nothing that he will not do for you, provided you treat him with consideration. Much insight into wild life is gained by so doing,—much woodcraft lost by a contrary proceeding; and the real sportsman is in general gifted with sufficient tact to discover this.

Should any one, however, be unsportsman-like enough to bully the Indian in the woods, his high sense of honour will cause him to keep his engagement inviolate; he will do his duty by his employer so long as that agreement lasts. But such is his independence of spirit, that he will never again go out with that man; and no sum of money, I believe, would induce him so to do.—One anecdote of John.

An admirer of nature, a would-be sportsman, but whose proficiency in the art did not entitle him to other appellation than that of "Cockney,"

heard of the magnificent scenery on the Musquash lakes; and, being anxious to combine a little amusement with sight-seeing, engaged John to take him in his canoe, and fish, *en passant*, the magnificent rapids, still waters, and creeks, which connect this fine chain of lakes. All this his faithful *cicerone* did in Indian fashion. The fellow behaved, however, to John in the woods pretty much as he would have treated a waiter at a coffee-house in bad old times, and finally d—d John for not cleaning his boots, while John preserved an inflexible silence. The Cockney, however, was so pleased with the scenery of the lakes, that he wanted to go a second time, and applied to John to accompany him; this the Indian flatly refused to do. Our friend stared, and asked him the reason. John very coolly replied, “Me no walk again with you—me always used to walk woods with gentlemen!”

CHAPTER V.

NEW BRUNSWICK—OF THE BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Passenger Pigeons—Wild and Water Fowl—Novel Way of Gunning—Genus Tetrao—Birch and Spruce Partridge—Humming-birds—Wax Bird—Soirée of Owls—Lucifees—Skunk—Wild Cat—Novel mode of Catching Wolves—Musk Rat—Porcupine—Hares—Bears and Chimneys—Bear’s Flesh—The Governor gammoned.

IN the months of June and July, the “passenger pigeons,” described by Wilson as darkening the

sun for days, when on their migratory flights, arrive in New Brunswick. Their special resorts are the neglected clearances overgrown with wild raspberries and strawberries, which form their favourite food; also the great mosses and barrens, covered with cranberries and whortleberries, where they are to be found in great quantities, and from amongst which they rise singly or in pairs, strong on pinion, and afford excellent sport. They have a long wedge-shaped tail; and if the ends are cut off previously to putting them into a trap, they are so astonished at the moment they attempt to fly, that they go off quite as game as the best blue rocks of "Red House" celebrity.

The woodcock of the New World is much smaller than that of Europe, and differs materially in plumage, inclining more to a fawn colour, particularly on the breast, where the shades of that colour are beautifully delicate. They appear in the spring for a short time, on their migration northward, and on their return are to be found from the middle of August until driven south by the frosts, which set in generally by the end of October. Their haunts are in the alder and cedar swamps, along the outskirts of the "Great Bush," and the margins of the clearances, particularly where they have been suffered to copse. In Upper Canada and the United States, they are very partial to the Indian corn or maize, when planted in low lands. They are very quick on the wing,

and when flushed get up with a shrill whistle. The woodcock of the Western Isles is the same as that of North America; and I have heard that there they are to be met with in great numbers.

What has been said of the habits of the woodcock applies to those of the American snipe; but the latter is larger, flies more heavily, and, in consequence, more easily killed than the European snipe. It is to be found in abundance at Musquash, on the St. Andrew's road, on the Waterborough, at Gagetown, Sheffield, on the islands in the St. John river, on the Gemseg, and in the Grand Lake meadows.

A high-couraged pointer, particularly of the Russian breed, is best adapted to find woodcocks in these woods, when, by fastening a bell round their necks, you can never be at a loss to know when they have come to a point; a practice generally followed on the continent and in the Pontine marshes. There woodcock-shooting is managed precisely as in New Brunswick, and the cover is generally so thick, that the only chance is to shoot the birds at first sight. Should any of my readers have pursued this game in the neighbourhood of Tre Ponti, they may have encountered that prince of *cacciatori*, Scapellata, who kills more woodcocks than any man in Italy; but he is a most provoking dog to follow, for, amongst other poaching contrivances, he has a habit of

imitating the noise made by a cock when flushed so completely as to deceive the sportsman, to cause him perpetually to cock his gun, and as often to curse the unfeathered biped from whom it proceeded.

The duck tribe is very numerous, including the wood-duck, harlequin, and blue-winged teal. An Indian will kill from forty to fifty ducks and geese in a day, on the Grand Lake meadows and Musquash marshes: with his watchful habits, his guarded movements, and the colour of his canoe, exactly corresponding with that of the sedge and bulrushes, he is the man of all others to surprise water-fowl.

On one of our visits to the Musquash marshes we saw numbers of the black duck, so called in New Brunswick, but which is more properly "the dusky duck" (*Anas obscurus*). These birds take the place of the wild duck and mallard of Europe, and, although I never saw the latter in North America, I believe that they are often to be met with, precisely similar in every respect. The black duck is rather larger, and is of a dark, dusky colour, with wing feathers of a beautiful copper green. The female is like the common wild duck, but with a deeper shade of plumage.

We tried in every possible way to get shots by waiting for them on "the pass" to and from their feeding-grounds at early morn, and at the last glimmering of twilight, by creeping through the

rushes, having them driven, and silently attempting to drop down upon them in a canoe; all to no purpose—not a duck was bagged! But that they *were* to be shot was certain, and we were told of a gentleman farmer, or sort of squireen, who, it was said, contrived to kill numbers. He lived in a log-house on the opposite side of the marsh to our quarters. We determined upon paying him a visit, in order, if possible, to obtain the desired information as to the manner of shooting black ducks.

After some little difficulty, we succeeded in finding his habitation, but the “bird” himself had flown. We were not doomed, however, to wait long in suspense, for the report of his gun at once pointed out his position, on reaching which we found the black duck hunter carefully ensconced in a thick tuft of flaggers, at the edge of a great flooded marsh, evidently the feeding-ground of the waterfowl tribes. Our friend had well chosen his place; a couple of black ducks lay by his side; in his hand he held a book, and across his knees lay one of those antiquated long guns, known as “Queen Anne’s pieces.” On interrogating him as to his method of surprising the ducks, we received for answer, “Why, I *peruses* a novel until the ducks come up near enough, and then I guess I guns ’em!”

This was conclusive; and, without wishing to “take a leaf out of his book,” we left the gentle-

man farmer to the perusal of "Peter Simple," and to the diversion of waiting for a shot.

The birch partridge (*tetrao umbellus*), or ruffed grouse, and the spruce partridge (*tetrao Canadensis*), or dusky grouse, are beautiful specimens of the genus tetrao, and constantly to be met with in all parts of the forests. They, unlike the others of their breed, perch, and if suddenly disturbed in the forest, will fly up into the nearest tree, when the whole covey or pack becomes an easy prey to the American sportsman, who begins by shooting the lowest bird first, and so on; otherwise, should he kill one upon the uppermost branches, its fall would disturb all beneath, and they would instantly fly off: however, when come upon suddenly, amongst brushwood or in clearances, they will get up and fly, like red grouse.

The birch partridge is often called "the pheasant" by the Americans, and Wilson describes the stateliness with which they move, with their broad, fan-like tail spread out; the drumming, as it is usually called, is a singularity of the species. It is performed by the male alone, and is a kind of thumping, or noise, resembling that produced by striking two full-blown ox-bladders together, but infinitely louder; the strokes at first are slow and distinct, but gradually increase in rapidity, till they run into each other, resembling the rumbling sound of very distant thunder, dying away gradually on the ear. After

a few minutes' pause, this is repeated, and in a calm day may be heard nearly half a mile off.

"This drumming is most common in spring, and is the call of the cock to his favourite female. It is produced in the following manner:—The bird, standing on an old prostrate log, generally in a retired and sheltered situation, lowers his wings, erects his expanded tail, contracts his throat, elevates the two tufts of feathers on the neck, and inflates his whole body, something in the manner of the turkey-cock, strutting and wheeling about with great stateliness. After a few manœuvres of this kind, he begins to strike with his stiffened wings in short and quick strokes, which become more and more rapid until they run into one another, as has been already described. This is most common in the morning and evening, though I have heard them drumming at all hours of the day. By means of this signal, the gunner is led to the place of his retreat; though, to those unacquainted with the sound, there is a great deception in the supposed distance, it generally appearing to be much nearer than it really is."

There is another peculiarity appertaining to this bird, which I have never seen mentioned by its many describers: it is that of burying itself under the snow. This was first pointed out to me when, on a hunting expedition, by Sabbattis's desiring me to prepare for a shot. After strain-

ing my eyes in all directions, I was not a little surprised to see old John stoop gently down at my feet, and press the snow with his hand, when, with a whirr, whirr, a fine birch partridge burst from the snow, and flew off, shaking a shower from his pinions. When about to thus ensconce themselves, they charge into the snow with all their might, directing their flight so as to be near the surface, the impetus carrying them some way into it, sufficiently far to prevent foxes and lynxes being attracted to the spot; indeed, so small is the orifice in the snow, the particles of which naturally fall over it, that the unpractised eye might pass numbers of these birds thus concealed. The initiated will, however, soon detect a sea-green spot of reflected light in the disturbed snow. Numbers of these birds become an easy prey to the Indian, who, in the early months of winter-hunting, when the snow is so soft that the birds can easily hide, however other game may fail, need never go supperless to bed. Lloyd, in his "Northern Field-Sports," mentions this same peculiarity in the habits of the black cock and capercailzie, during the Scandinavian winter.

Among the most pleasing of our summer visitors were the humming-birds (*Trochis Colubris*) of the red-throated species, the only one known so far north. Their plumage is principally green, with a gold and orange-coloured necklace about the

throat, which showed resplendent in the sun as they would sport into our rooms, following its beams, or haunt the mignonette-boxes placed on the window-seats. We were driven to shooting them with sand, as the only means of obtaining possession of them ; but the proceeding was devoid of cruelty, as it only stunned the beauties for the moment, and enabled us to secure them alive. They subsist entirely on the juice of flowers, preferring those which are cupped.

The wax or cedar bird (*Ampelis Americana*), which is also called "Recollect," is one among the many beautiful of the feathered tribe which pass their summers in New Brunswick. Most of the secondary feathers of the wings are tipped with pieces of a bright vermilion substance, resembling chips of red sealing-wax ; and as this bird chiefly inhabits the cedar swamps, where he makes a suprising chattering, Wilson concludes that Nature has armed the feathers in this astonishing manner to protect the ends of them from the wear which would be caused by its constant fluttering amidst the cedars.*

There are owls of every species, from the great horned, standing nearly three feet high, to the diminutive little barred. Colden expatiates, in his "History of the Six Nations," on the great

* I quote from old Wilson, having had his admirable work on American Ornithology by me in North America, and I invariably found his remarks faithful and correct.

superstition of the Indians with regard to those birds, and the terror they have of them, and mentions how much it displeased them to hear any one mimicking their hooting. No such superstition exists among the Milicetes; for I well remember my first essay at "camping out" in the woods. The party consisted of two others, with Sabbattis and old Saccobè. We had passed the day in fly-fishing amidst the deep black pools and cascades into which the rivers connecting the Musquash Lakes are broken. Grand sport had we had that day, and with the highest degree of satisfaction we stretched ourselves upon the aromatic bed of silver firs, prepared by our faithful Indians.

The night set in gloriously, one of those in the Indian summer to be appreciated only in the woods. The clear moon shone through the lofty pines, and was reflected from the silvery lake, between their taper stems. The crackling of the dry pine-logs and the stream of smoke from the willow-bark and tobacco in our tomaugans had long sent all the mosquito tribe to the arms of their particular Morpheus. Every fresh pile of the dry timber caused a flame which illuminated the spoils of the chace; here, falling upon a large porcupine, suspended from the branch of a tree, a black duck, a heap of gold-coloured char, mottled with blood-red spots; there, upon our rifles, rods, and implements of destruction; now, on a pair of

ragged nether-garments hung up to dry ; then on the copper-coloured and weather-beaten features of the Indians, as they lay stretched upon the bare ground on the opposite side of the fire.

Scarcely had the balmy effects of that delicious, dreamy sort of sleep, known to those who have lived in the woods, fallen upon us, when I was awakened by a holloa from the stentorian lungs of Sabbattis. On shaking myself and looking about, I discovered an immense assemblage of the acknowledged emblems of wisdom gazing at the party with owls' eyes. They had been collected by the wonderful powers of mimicry inherent in the Indians, who had assembled this *soirée* of owls as much for our amusement as for a sort of introduction to camp-life. Saccobè and John now both set to work in earnest, and great fun it was. Their imitations of the different hootings were so faithful, that it was scarcely possible to say which was the voice of the bird, which that of the Indian. Every English arrival joined in chorus until the birds had the best of it, and fairly beat the Redskins. Up we jumped, *en chemise et sans culottes*, and, one seizing a rifle, another a brand of the blazing pine, we put them all to flight. Thus ended my first night "in bush."

The following will be found a good and simple receipt for preserving the skins of birds and animals, and any so prepared will be found to

retain its elasticity for any length of time:—white oxide of arsenic, mixed with soft soap, to the consistency of paste. Alum, burnt in a wood fire till all the water has bubbled out, and then pulverized, may be rubbed upon the skins of specimens for the same purpose, and may do very well as a makeshift where the former materials cannot be obtained, until the skins can be given to the preserver. But they do not come out as pliable or as well as those prepared with the arsenical soap.

Bears, and lynxes, called lucifees, are the only animals of prey in New Brunswick; vermin are very numerous; among these is a species of polecat, called a skunk, of which the Indians are in great dread, and which they hold in utter abhorrence. This animal is disgusting beyond description: in appearance, the skunk is very pretty—black, with white longitudinal stripes. When attacked, it rolls itself up in a ball like the porcupine, bedewing its bushy tail with the most horribly fetid liquor, which is secreted in a small bag near the rectum, and with this it liberally besprinkles its assailants. No living thing can stand the odour; and, should this irresistible weapon of defence touch any part of the dress, it must be immediately burned. Men have been known in New Brunswick to have had an encounter with one of these animals, and to have been obliged to strip off every thing, and

return to civilized life almost *au naturel*. In passing along a road on a hot day it is easy to tell if a skunk has crossed it within twenty-four hours; and horses will make a great piece-of-work should they get a *niff* of one. The Indians, nevertheless, contrive to kill them, cut out the bag containing the fetid fluid, and eat them as a "delicacy."

In New Brunswick there are two species of Lynx, the first named by the French *Loup Cervier*, whence the English corruption, *Lucifée*; the other, the wild cat. The *Loup Cervier*, when full grown, measures four feet from head to tail, the tail four inches. It is generally of a light gray, interspersed with minute spots of black: the tips of the ears and tail are jet black, the throat, breast, and belly white. In shape, it is thick and strong, in height about eighteen inches, the fur long, but thick and fine, extending to the feet. It is fierce and powerful, destroys many hares and partridges, and frequently commits depredations among sheep; has very sharp strong claws, and climbs trees with great facility. It never attacks man, and is generally taken in traps baited with mutton or venison. It is very destructive to deer, passing from tree to tree until it gets directly over its prey, when it pounces from a lofty branch, and fastening upon the deer's back, holds on by teeth and talons until the victim sinks from pain and exhaustion.

The wild cat is about one quarter less in size than the Loup Cervier, has shorter hair on the legs, and a longer tail, without the black tip. In other respects it resembles the Loup Cervier in nature and habits.

Wolves are not indigenous to the province, but have made their appearance in New Brunswick, following the deer, likewise a stranger, which they have driven before them from the eastern States.

A Mr. Andrews, of St. Andrew's, who carries on an extensive "logging" business, contrived very ingeniously to make great slaughter among a pack of wolves. His saw-mills are on the Lepraux River, about twenty miles from St. John. He was at his camp, about ten miles from the mouth of the river, and about one mile from its shore; in the early part of December, with three of his men. About ten o'clock in the evening the howling of wolves was heard some short distance off, and in a very few minutes some forty or fifty of them made their appearance, and in a short time the top of the camp was covered with them; but, a torch of birch-bark having been lighted up, the whole drove scampered off. Mr. Andrews at once thought of a plan to capture some of his visitors. Himself and men went to work the next morning, and made about fifty or sixty stakes, three and a half feet long, exceedingly sharp, and hardened them by putting

the ends in the fire; and, having driven them in the ground about the camp, with the sharp end upwards, about three deep, they prepared torches made of white birch-bark, and, early in the evening, secured themselves in their camp. About the same time as on the former evening, a large number of wolves again made their appearance, and, as before, took possession of the top of the camp—about fifty in number—looking down at the inmates through the hole in the top left for the smoke to escape. Immediately the torches were lighted up, and the drove of wolves scampered off in all directions, leaping from the roof of the camp on the sharp stakes; and in this way fifteen of these ferocious animals were destroyed. The excessive light of the torches through the chimney-hole caused so great a darkness near the ground, that it prevented the wolves from seeing the stakes, and they consequently leaped upon them.

The musk-rat is an amphibious animal, and resembles the beaver in its habits. It is about fifteen inches in length, its tail about a foot, and similar to that of a rat. It is less afraid of man than the beaver, and is very frequently found in ponds and creeks in the cultivated parts of the country. It generally builds houses, very similar to those of the beaver; but on the banks of rivers it burrows in the alluvial soil, and brings forth a large litter of young. These the Indians

take as soon as they are of sufficient size, in August and September, by digging. The skins are not of much value then, but the flesh is excellent, and the Milicetes, who are excessively fond of them, devour immense numbers.

In the spring, the musk-rats, or, as they are more generally called, *musquash*, are driven from the usual haunts by the floods of melted snow and ice, and are then obliged to roam about for some weeks. They are shot chiefly in the evenings, while swimming and seeking food, and their skins form an article of commerce. The fur is used by hatters, and a large portion of the *beaver* hats—all those of the second quality—are made of the fur of the musquash, which is substituted for that of the more expensive beaver. The musquash feed chiefly on the roots of water-lily, and a large species of fresh-water clam, a shell-fish which abounds in all rivers and ponds in New Brunswick.

The mink is of the otter tribe, but smaller, and proverbially black. Its tail is flat and hairy. It subsists in the same manner as the otter, but is more destructive of poultry, which it kills by taking off the head and sucking the blood. The fur is very handsome when in full season; the *pitch naugans*, or fur purses of the Indians, are made of the skin of the mink.

The porcupine is covered with long brown hair, mixed with stiff, hollow spines, about the size of a small wheat-straw. These are of white colour,

tipped with black, sharp at the end, and commonly called quills. It dwells in hollow trees, or in cavities under their roots; and feeds on nuts, buds, or the cones of the balsam fir (*Abies balsamifera*). Its flesh is palatable and nutritious. The quills are much valued by the Indians, who dye them of various brilliant colours, and use them in ornamenting their mocassins, belts, birch-bark baskets, and boxes.

The Micmac name of the porcupine is "*Madawas*," and hence "*Madawaska*," or the "*country of the porcupines*," the name by which the territory above the grand falls of the St. John is known, and about which so much has been said, in reference to the Ashburton Treaty.

A few beavers are still to be found in the northern or upper part of New Brunswick; although fast yielding to the encroachment of civilization.

There are many racoons in the province, but it is curious that none are to be found in the Madawaska country above the great falls.

Hares are very numerous in New Brunswick. Rabbits do not exist; but the hare in these countries is a different animal from the European,* inasmuch as it "goes to ground" under

* *Lepus Americanus* of Linnæus. Tail short, hind legs half longer than the body, tips of the ears and tail gray. Inhabits North America, shelters by day under and in the hollows of trees; does not burrow, breeds twice a year, brings five to seven young. Fur gets longer and more silvery farther north; eight inches long: hind legs longer than common hare; flesh good.

the roots of trees and into decided burrows, which is not the case with the latter. The cars are long, and become perfectly white during winter. The market at St. John is plentifully supplied with them during the winter months, when they are brought in frozen. Numbers of the spruce partridge likewise come in frozen at the same time.

Wherever the forest has suffered from fire, raspberries spring up in quantities; these are the favourite food of the bear. In winter bears lie in a torpid state in some hollow tree; a scathed pine is generally selected, surrounded by a thick undergrowth of birch and raspberries. The greatest care is taken by Bruin to obliterate all traces of his abode; but, owing to the searching eye of the Indian, certain scratches of the animal's claws on the charred surface of the tree disclose his winter quarters, when an axe soon prostrates the tree, which, bursting in its fall, bundles Bruin out, to his great astonishment.

The only opportunity I ever had of shooting a bear was when, lying down to rest upon a cranberry barren, a huge she-bear came trotting along with her cub, when, just as I was in the act of firing at her, the Indian knocked up the rifle. They will parry any blow made with an axe with the greatest ease, and, when accompanied by their young, the Indians generally give them a wide berth, for, if then wounded, they will rush upon their assailant.

In the chase of the bear, the Indians prefer slugs to a single ball, as the latter, unless it strikes point-blank, will not penetrate the skull, and, if not killed dead (by being shot through the brain or heart), they will often suddenly spring up and show fight. But a very experienced hand will *hug* a bear, and choke him, by dexterously seizing the windpipe.

A brother-officer and myself purchased a couple of bear cubs, so young that they were obliged to be reared with the greatest care. A Scheidam bottle was filled with milk, and the muzzle covered with vellum, from which they contrived to suckle themselves perfectly; this I mention, having read of the great difficulty of rearing very young bears. For six weeks they stuck to their bottle, and were the most innocent and interesting little blue-eyed rascals possible, very playful, and would lick any one's hands like a calf. But as they increased in stature they took to climbing and malpractices, until they became an absolute nuisance. They would climb up anything, from the big drum to a chimney. One day, a review was ordered, and, as most of the officers' servants were in the ranks, they took the precaution to lock their masters' doors. On the parade being dismissed, one of them, who had locked his master's door carefully, was not a little surprised to find a shaving-brush stowed away in a boot, a powder-horn in a jug, and tooth-brushes I cannot say

where! There was no doubt as to who the culprits were. The servant's account was, that the chimney was the only way by which they could have entered. Many reports of this sort obliged us to tie up the no longer little Bruins; and their mischievous practices increased, until they were made over to another regiment when we moved to Upper Canada.

The flesh of a young bear is excellent; and the paws, in particular, are reckoned a greater *bonne-bouche* than the tongue of the reindeer, the hump of the bison, the tail of the beaver, or moufle of the moose. So delicious is it, that, on one occasion, the governor of the province, a gourmand and courtier, on his way to the seat of government, dined at the mess at St. John, and ate plentifully of a haunch of bear, smothered in currant-jelly, made most complimentary speeches as to the known reputation of the "*comme-il-faut* mess," begged to know how they contrived to have such capital *mutton*, as it could not be less than six years old, and wound up by declaring he had never eaten better in his life.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW BRUNSWICK — OF THE DEER, AND WOOD-
CRAFT.

Moose—*Cervus Hibernicus* not Antediluvian—Caraboo—Accidents “will happen”—Virginian Deer—Toggery for the Woods—Snow Shoes—“*Mal à la Raquette*” prevented—Hints—Wood-craft—Lose Way—Escape being frozen.

NEW Brunswick was the favourite resort of the moose, but in the early settlement of the province they were destroyed in thousands, for the sake of their hides and tallow. At present they are rarely to be met with, but are, according to the accounts of the Indians, likely to become numerous again, as they are gradually finding their way back from Canada and Maine, in search of their favourite “moose-wood,” so plentiful on the upper St. John.

That the moose-deer or elk (*Cervus alces*), at present inhabiting the continents of Northern Europe and America, is a totally different animal in its construction from the so-called fossil moose, found in the bogs of Ireland, has long since been ascertained. Of this the want of the brow-antlers in the moose-deer or elk is of itself sufficient proof. Pennant, in his “*Arctic Zoology*,” writes: “I lament that I am not able to discover the

affected by it at very high spring tides, a circumstance which, no doubt, has its influence on the flavour of the fish. In the Lough Lomond lakes, also in the chain of lakes beyond the Bald Mountain, having their outlet in the Masquash marshes, and in the rivers connecting these lakes, the fly-fishing is excellent.

The shad (*Clupea alosa*) is a valuable fish, and bears so much resemblance in its general conformation to the herring, as to be called by the New England fishermen "the mother of herring." This fish is from three to seven pounds' weight; has a sloping head, body tapering towards the tail, teeth small and sharp, dorsal fin nearly in the centre, abdomen sharp and serrated, tail forked, back a dusky blue.

The gaspereau (*Clupea vermalis*) holds a middle place between the shad and herring, having the general characteristics of both, and similar habits. Vast quantities are pickled and smoked both for home and for foreign consumption. They begin to ascend the rivers in April, and continue ascending until July. They are taken in quantities, with large landing-nets, in the pools below the rapids, in the eddies, and in the cavities of the rocks.

Bass is a Dutch name for a species of perch known as the rock bass, or striped bass (*Perca labrax*). On the sides are parallel lines, like narrow ribbons, eight in number, whence the

name of striped bass. Next to mackerel, this is the handsomest of the native fishes of New Brunswick.

Striped bass are sea fish, but principally subsist near the mouths of rivers, which they ascend as high as they can conveniently go. On the approach of winter, instead of striking out into the deep water of the open ocean, the bass finds a residence in ponds, coves, rivers, and quiet arms of the sea, where, undisturbed and comfortable, it remains till the following spring. The bass weighs from three to forty pounds. The largest are taken during the winter, by night-lines, on the Gemseg, and the deep, still streams called the "thoroughfares," which connect the grand lake with its tributary lakes. Such great destruction of bass has taken place on the northern rivers of New Brunswick, particularly the Richibucto, by cutting holes in the ice, and lifting the fish out with dip-nets in very severe weather, when they were lying torpid, that special enactments have been made to prevent this waste of the finny tribe.

In sharp tide-ways, during summer, they are readily caught with trolling tackle and a small fish as a bait: with a salmon rod, they afford capital sport.

I would fain say something of the flies best suited to the New Brunswick waters; but on this subject no two fishermen ever agree: it is pro-

verbial that doctors differ, that ladies differ, that statesmen differ; but no people so much as fishermen in the momentous affair of the choice of flies. It is well known to those whose experience is worth consulting, that the fly which will kill well in one water would not be looked at by the fish in another; and, moreover, trout are so capricious that the fly at which they will rise freely for one hour in the day the next they will not even nibble; or, if they do, it is to rise false and endeavour to drown it by slapping at it with their tails; and thus it happens that many fish are caught by being "hooked foul," as it is termed.

It may be given as a general rule, however, that as the insects of the new world are both larger and brighter than in the old, so the artificial flies should also be large and gaudy: and, if the angler be not artist enough to tie his own flies, and wishes to provide himself with a batch previously to visiting North America, let him select those only which would be preferred by the cockney sportsman: bedizened with gold tinsel, and made of the brightest colours.

There is a saying among fishermen, "a bright fly on a sunny day," "a dark one for a cloudy day;" but in America, both salmon and trout will at all times and in all waters prefer the most brilliant.*

* The best rule is to fish the flies upon the water, and for which Nature will furnish the examples to be imitated.

For salmon, the more gaudy the better—bright orange bodies, and a brilliant blue, are always good. These colours imitate the natural dragon-flies of the country. Golden pheasant is sure everywhere.

For the large sea trout of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when fishing in tide-ways or at the mouths of harbours, the flies must also be very large and gaudy, and should be tied with natural scarlet feathers (no scarlet dye is so bright when wet), obtained either from the tail-feathers of the gray parrot, or those of the scarlet tanager (*Tanagra rubra*). I do not, however, mean to recommend that the fisherman should go about visiting with a pair of pincers in his pocket, in order to harass old ladies by his cruelty in extracting the said feathers from their pet birds; but when fairly obtained they are good. Should he have the opportunity of getting those of the "curry-curry," or South American Curlew, he will obtain a still more brilliant colour than that of either the scarlet tanager or those feathers contained in Poll's tail. No natural scarlet can rival it, except perhaps the top-knot of the ivory-billed woodpecker, the feathers of which are admirably adapted to match as hackles. The

By a close examination it will be found that, on dark and cloudy days, dark flies are to be found on the water, and *vice versa*. He who fishes by rule and not after Nature is no fly-fisher.

flies should be ribbed with a liberal quantity of large *round* gold thread, until they become entirely scarlet and gold.

In trout fishing, for the above stated reason, viz., the size of the insects, "river flies," so termed in England, are absolutely useless; the fish in New Brunswick will not look at them. Good-sized "lake flies," and those only of the brightest colours, will have any chance.

The difficulty of obtaining any information about the mystery of dyeing is very great; it is not to be expected that the shopkeeper, whose existence in many cases depends on his skill in the art, will disclose the secret whereby a particular process of making a certain colour may be known, and by these means get into the hands of his rival in trade. And if perchance a person, by dint of bribery, flatters himself that he has obtained the secret, in all probability there is some item in the receipt omitted, which gives it a peculiar shade different from the original—the least difference being fatal to the fly. One story, *apropos* to this nicety of shade.

There lives in an humble cottage on the shore of Clonave, a character well known to most of the floggers of the Westmeath lakes; and few there are of them, when fishing Lough Derraverragh, who have not paid a visit to Matty Blake, to obtain, with the silver hook, that addition to their basket, which may make up

the deficiency of their own skill, or prevent a laugh at going home empty. The interior economy of his cot is delightful. It is flat-bottomed, as are all of this sort of craft; and that it was water-tight no one could gainsay, from the fact of sundry pieces of turf floating about in the bottom; at one end, under some grass and flaggers, are generally from eight to ten fish, nearly as broad as they are long, and in weight varying from three to eight pounds; at the other a thick piece of the root of a flagger is lying on one of the natural knees of oak (which serve to keep the fabric together), into which piece of flagger are stuck the different flies, and various shades of the green drake, which Matty has from time to time tried upon his casting-line.*

Matty Blake's *forte*, however, lies in his success in dyeing a particular shade of colour called the "sooty olive," and for his skill in *flaring* the yellow dye, so necessary in matching the natural colour of the "green drake." Whether he has any mid-

* The lake fishermen may take "a wrinkle" from this; for, instead of being obliged to return your flies *wet* into the box or book, or to stick them into your hatband—from the latter of which you can only extract them by means of a knife or pair of scissors, and having when required from either of the former, some half-dozen scattered about by the winds, you will find it much more convenient, to say nothing of the tax on your patience, when the fish are "mad up" and dashing at "the drake," to be able to extract the fly you wish to put upon your casting-line in an instant from the pulpy substance of the flaggers.

night dealings with the banshees, who are said to hold their revels under the hawthorn bushes of Kiltoom, is not known, or in the ruined vaults of Mortimer's Castle, where

“Fairies, by moonlight, oft are seen,
Tripping round the smooth sward green ;
Her beams reflected from the wave,
Afford the light their revels crave.”

Some there are, however, who affirm that it is from a particular kind of peat, otherwise turf, that he extracts his celebrated “sooty ;” and that in the well smoke-dried thatch of Matty's cabin on Clonave lies the whole secret. Be that as it may, there is no such colour to be found elsewhere—and Matty keeps his secret inviolate. But to my story.

It so happened that a friend of mine, who had often paid a visit to Matty's “cabin,” for the purpose of buying flies, was fishing on Lough Dereverragh, and, in spite of his smart rod and well-appointed boat, could not raise a fish or a “cookoo ;”^{*} and observing that from the humble cot they were constantly thrusting out a landing-net, and as constantly securing a fine fish, our friend went alongside, and asked “on what shade of the drake they were killing?” “On *the yolly buff*, please your honour,” was the reply. My

* “Cookoo” is the shout of emulation given by the boatmen on the Westmeath waters, to announce that “the fish” is in the “landing-net.”

friend tried all the shades of yellow buff he possessed, not forgetting "the monkey;" and, although the fish were "mad up," and dashing at the drakes, as they freed themselves from their cases, and struggled forth on their flight over the water; and although the trout were swallowing them in dozens, as their wings got entangled in the streaks of froth, still he could not "stir" a fish; and finally went in for luncheon at a rude pier made of huge stones on the shore of Clonave.

After indulging in pigeon pie, *mayonnaise* of chicken, cold punch, and "a weed," Matty's cot came alongside, in one end of which was reared his rod, and upon the casting-line, as an upper dropper, hung the identical "yolly buff," which had donè so much execution in the morning. Matty extended himself on the green turf, for which his *locale* is famed, and waited an expected change in the weather—the fish having suddenly "gone down." My friend entered into conversation, and began an examination of Matty's "foot link," and contrived to detach from it the "yolly buff;" he then jumped into his boat, and desired his men to "give way," at the same time chucking a half-crown to Matty, as he called out that he was "sold," and that now it was *his turn*. Matty very quietly replied, "Yer honour's welcome to it; they're off the 'yolly buff' for this sason; and after those bloody white clouds pass over, about

half-past three, they'll be 'mad up' on the pale shade of the '*dirty buff*.' "

The Indians have the means of staining porcupines' quills, moose-hair, or wood for baskets, of very brilliant colours, but these they keep strictly secret. Mr. Perley, of New Brunswick, tried, but in vain, to learn their processes; and as he did not succeed, it is unlikely they will ever be discovered. The preparations are considered sacred, and the slightest information has never been known to be given on the subject.

One word as to the best material for making body or dubbing. First of all, not only as the most brilliant and clear when held up to light, is the fur of the white seal; but in the water, which is of much the most importance, it is the most lively and transparent of any kind of fur. Next comes pig's-down; and last and worst, mohair, which becomes so sodden and dead in the water as never to be used, except in the case of not being able to obtain either of the former.

N.B. Should you, after dyeing any colour, find that it does not please you, or that it has faded, do not cast away the stuff; for, by simply boiling the dyed hair in alum water, it is a singular fact, that the mordant which holds the dye has the peculiar property of obliterating it; and thus much useless waste, often of a precious material, is avoided.

Magnificent as is the fly-fishing in New Brunswick, it is not without *désagrémens*. Clouds of countless insects beset the face, hands, or any exposed parts of the piscator. Persons there are, it is true, who are not annoyed by mosquitoes, which here abound. But against the attacks of a small species of black gnat, or sand-fly, even the tough skin of the Indian is not proof. These fasten on the forehead and behind the ears, and cut like a knife: to keep them off is impossible. By anointing themselves with the fat of pork or bears' grease, the Indians contrive to keep themselves free from their venom. But the white man suffers dreadfully.

Camphorated olive oil, with a few drops of oil of almonds or any other bitter oil added, is recommended. No one should go into the woods in the fly season without a small pot of this mixture; for even should his patience be exhausted by repeated application, necessary during the time he may be intent on beguiling the finny tribe, when he lays himself down to rest at night, it will tend much to allay the pain and inflammation caused by the sting of insects, and he will be sure to thank his stars that he possesses such a luxury.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOVA SCOTIA—A FORTNIGHT IN THE BUSH.

The Start—Annapolis—Micmac Village—Flappers—Trout—Lakes—Rivers—Still Waters—Tracks—Moose—The Death—Potatoes—Indigestion—Turtle—Lampreys—Stone Pipes—Calling the Moose—How practised in China—Advantages offered to Emigrants in New Brunswick.

RIFLES, guns, fishing-rods, blankets, axes, tomahawks, salt pork, biscuits, and a couple of birch canoes, the whole under the charge of Francis Glode, a Micmac Indian, were put on board the steamer for Annapolis; and, all the preparations for a fortnight's sojourn "in bush" being completed, Captain E—— and myself started from St. John's, in the month of August, to hunt the moose in Nova Scotia. On nearing the coast, the land loomed in the most extraordinary manner, and masses of trees of a gigantic growth hung suspended, as it were, in the heavens. The Wicklow mountains may at times be seen to loom in the same way long after losing sight of the Irish coast; or, as poor Power would have said, "after you had seen it *clane* out of sight."

The bay of Annapolis is landlocked on either side by the iron-bound coast of Nova Scotia, and the entrance to it through straits wooded to the water's edge is most striking; the canoes

of the Micmac Indians, hunting the porpoise, which covered the water at the time, added not a little to the picturesque effect. Suddenly the bay opened, and, after an hour's steaming, the "Maid of the Mist" landed us at Annapolis, where we were joined by the chief of the tribe, Charles Glode (our guide's brother), and another Indian, supposed to be the most accomplished moose hunter in the province; he spoke no language but that of his nation, was a fine athletic fellow, and lived entirely by the produce of the chase.

The result of a consultation was, that we were to strike the head-waters of a river about ten miles south of Annapolis, and follow it through a chain of lakes until it finally emptied itself into the Atlantic below Halifax. The hunting-ground once settled, the Indians shouldered the provisions, and, placing the canoes on their heads, went off at a long trot, and we, who had only our rifles to carry, found enough to do to keep pace.

An Indian path led to a Micmac village of some twelve or fourteen lodges, where they halted for hunting-knives, tomahawks, and other necessary apparatus for the chase, and we smoked the pipe with their squaws.

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleasure which a pipe bestows:
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

On leaving the village, we struck directly into

the woods, following in Indian file. On reaching the first lake, it was found necessary to stanch the canoes before launching, an operation easily performed by applying lighted torches of bark to the gum and resin with which the seams are covered; when melted sufficiently, the Indian wetted his thumb (in the manner most convenient to himself), and plastered the resin anew over the seams. That finished, we paddled across a lake, crossed a portage, and halted for the night on the shores of the second lake; and, whilst the Indians were making the camp, a stream close by, full of trout, came most *apropos* for supper. Trout thus fresh caught and fried with salt pork are excellent, and any one who has hunted in the woods of North America can also appreciate a kettle of boiling-hot tea, so refreshing after fatigue, and doubly so on the first day, when fresh from a town life, and before condition has given full play to the muscles.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by the most mournful and painful shrieks, as though a woman was suffering torture, and screaming for assistance. It was the cry of "the Loon," or "Great Northern Diver." They make these noises when alarmed by the sight of bears. One of the Indians snatched up a rifle and disappeared; he returned towards morning, but without having got a shot. The Indians can imitate the cry of the loon, and, by conceal-

ing themselves in the brushwood on the edges of the lakes, and waving their hats, will call them within shot, but they dive so instantaneously that the click of a copper cap, or a flash in the pan, is sufficient to give them warning, and they are under water before the shot can reach them. But by suddenly jumping up with a great noise, you may alarm the bird, when his first impulse will be to open his wings for flight—his second to dive; then is the moment to catch him. But, unless you are very close to him he will carry off a large charge of shot.

The following morning several lakes and portages were crossed in a thick fog. On its suddenly clearing off, we found ourselves in a beautiful lake covered with islands, or rather huge rocks of granite and porphyry, of all manner of fantastic shapes and forms; and in the midst of several broods of flappers (young wood ducks*). The Indians were instantly all excitement: off they set in chase, straining every nerve, the canoes flying through the water at a most astonishing rate. The flappers dived whenever closed upon, until, after two hours of paddling and manœuvring, some six or eight were caught. No bad things for supper, when hunger does duty for Cayenne pepper and Harvey sauce.

The broad outlet from this lake being broken up into a succession of rapids, the skill of the

* *Dendronessa sponsa*.

Indians was put to the test, and the canoes often made tremendous lurches, plunging head foremost into whirlpools; but the Indians, ever on the alert, fended off and preserved their equilibrium apparently without effort.

An Indian never does an awkward thing: when hunting, he avoids stepping upon dry twigs, or anything likely to alarm the ears of the most watchful animal—he moves without noise—he looks before him, behind him, and from right to left, at every step—he observes the patches of moss, any peculiarity or marked feature, the trees and their branches, which he invariably recognizes, should he cross them again. In his canoe he is equally on the look-out; along the shore, or in or under the water, nothing escapes his notice; his paddle propels his canoe without noise or splash; his carriage, his manners, and his movements, are all grace, all ease, because all natural.

This river was full of large trout, and among them the merry *salmo huko* of Sir Humphry Davy, which, when hooked, jump to the height of four or five feet out of the water. There was also a large species of char, averaging from one to three pounds, almost as broad and thick as long, their bellies of a deep-gold colour, covered with blood-red spots—excellent to eat, playing very strong, and affording undeniable sport to the angler. So eager did they rise that five or six would race at the flies at the same time, and

would continue to do so, when wings, body, hackles and all were completely stripped off the hooks; I caught a fine fish of three pounds' weight, attracted by the "ghost of a fly," a mere bit of tinsel; in fact, they would rise at anything moving through the water. The rivers teemed with fish; and, as we could catch any number, we made a few casts into each eddy where the largest lay, and which invariably rose first. It was impossible to fish from the banks, they were so overshadowed by the forest; we were, therefore, obliged to cast the flies from our canoes, and it required no little skill to kill three large trout which were constantly upon one's casting-line at the same time, and that when sitting in a birch canoe in a rapid river.

Occasionally we could land upon a rock, or large stone, and fish the pools from thence, but it was a slippery operation at best. But the fishing was excellent, and flies had probably never been cast in these streams before. As everything in the New World is on the mammoth scale, so are the insects—the large flies used upon Irish lakes are the thing for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. But the wear and tear of tackle is great. I had, luckily, materials for making them. The tying amused the Indians not a little, and to them the whole operation of fly-fishing was a source of great curiosity and delight.

• The ends of the moose-wood bitten off, the brush-

wood broken and trampled down, the water-lilies pulled up and in part eaten, and the numbers of fresh tracks, were certain signs of moose being in the immediate neighbourhood; it was, therefore, deemed imprudent to light fires or make a camp. The canoes, turned over, afforded sufficient covering for our heads; but the night was cold, and we were obliged to forego our kettle of tea, most sensibly felt as the greatest privation after a hard day's fag. We started at daylight next morning, but in a fog, paddling carefully along the "still waters."

These "still waters," so called by the Indians, are boggy creeks of the great lakes and rivers, and where the water is stagnant: between them and the forests on either side is a luxuriant growth of bog myrtle, dog-wood, moose-wood, Labrador-tea, and wild roses, the resort of bittern* and the water-fowl tribe. Through these it is the moose's great delight to wade and suck the water-lilies; it was in the hopes of thus surprising them when entangled in the brushwood and up to their bellies in water, that we had made so early a start, and had preserved such profound silence. But the wind was unfavourable, and we had the

* The American bittern is much smaller than the European species, and its note is totally unlike the loud booming cry of the latter. It is a night bird, and its sight is most acute during the evening twilight. When disturbed, it rises with a heavy and awkward flight, uttering the cry, "*kwa ! kwa !*"

mortification to find that we had only disturbed them—though even this was attended with no small excitement. Soon after hunting the “still waters,” we entered a great lake, the largest of the chain, called by the Indians the Lake of the Nightingales; and made straight for a sand-bank in the midst of it, with the intention of lighting a fire, having a kettle of hot tea and a good breakfast after the fasting and cold of the previous night. This shoal had been selected as the least likely place to alarm the moose—but on landing, there was not wherewithal to make a fire, and two of the Indians were despatched in search of fuel.

After they had been gone for some time, and the sun had nearly dispelled the fog, we were suddenly put on the *qui vive* by shouts reverberating through the woods, when presently we saw a great splashing in the lake, and above it, looming in the haze, a dark mass towering into the clouds—it might be a water-spout; our Indian thought the shouts proceeded from a gang of lumberers; when, in a moment, I found myself seized by the herculean chief of the Micmacs, and literally chucked into the canoe. My companion and the rifles were treated in the same manner; and, before we had breathing time to recover the surprise, we were going “Derby pace” down the lake, and the Indian, straining every nerve, paddled with such force that the canoe was nearly buried in her own way.

For some time the hallooing and yelling continued, until at last the mystery was cleared up, and we discovered a huge moose in the water, driven into it by the other Indians, who had shouted to attract our attention. Both canoes now bore down upon him at right angles. Two men in a canoe can always propel it faster than a moose can swim, but both canoes were a long way off—we had but one man in ours, and a stern chase is always a long one; however, we arrived at a point of the main land just as the animal had landed. A few seconds and we should have lost him: we arrived in the nick of time, however, and he dashed off at full speed. I fired. The ball passed through his heart; he made a tremendous bound straight up into the air, and fell upon his back, dead. He was a noble animal, seventeen hands high. A second moose had been seen on the island whence they had driven the one already bagged, and, my companion being anxious to shoot it, we went off in pursuit, and after a similar chase he succeeded.

The Lake of the Nightingales being evidently the resort of moose; the inlets and outlets full of fish; the beauty of the spot to which the chase had accidentally led us, and the Indians being ravenous to devour the meat, all led us to determine to make it head-quarters. A camp was accordingly constructed in orthodox Indian fashion, and long poles were placed across to dry the

venison upon. Sabbattis proceeded with great glee to skin and cut up the moose, and, before a fire could be lit, commenced devouring the raw flesh, without bread or salt, and when cooked, they all ate of it until they literally could not stir. Like pike, they will gorge themselves, and then sleep or rest until hunger again drives them forth in search of food.

“While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone.”

The moofle, a lump of fat about the nose of the moose, is esteemed a great delicacy by epicures. This we reserved for ourselves, together with the bones, from which, by roasting in the fire, we obtained the most delicious marrow, excellent when eaten with dried biscuits. The meat is the best of all wild venison; and the tongues are as good as those of the reindeer. These were hung up to dry, and reserved for our friends in the Old World.

As the Indians had over-eaten themselves to such a degree that their locomotive powers were anything but dubious, we gave their digestion four-and-twenty hours to recover; and occupied ourselves in fishing and reconnoitring the forest, where, for the first time, we saw the potato in its natural state, growing in stringy bunches about the roots of the spruce firs; but they were bitter and unpalatable, generally about the size of a

filbert, and not exceeding that of a walnut. Some of the pines were enormous; at least two hundred feet high, perfectly straight, and would square three. The total absence of the white cedar (so common in every swamp in New Brunswick) surprised me: and it is worthy of remark, that, although the boundary between the two provinces is not a natural, but merely an imaginary one, yet, that line once crossed into Nova Scotia, the cedar ceases to be found.* Neither are the deer, so common in New Brunswick, to be met with in the other province, to the Indians of which they are wholly unknown; and, on one occasion, when I had taken Francis out hunting with me in New Brunswick, he ran after one for the best part of the day on snow-shoes, and came back remarkably sulky, at not having got a *sight* of it.

The Micicte Indians declare that these deer will not cross the St. John's river.

The stomachs of the Indians having had a liberal four-and-twenty hours' rest, my companion repaired to the "still waters," where he got nine shots at moose in the one day; and I, accompanied by John, carrying a quarter of a moose on his back, went half a day's journey to a settlement, where, as he expected, we exchanged

* The Bluenoses declare that branches of this cedar placed amongst clothes or furs will keep off moths.

the meat for salt sufficient to preserve the skin for stuffing. We got, likewise, a mess of potatoes, much prized by them *medicinally* after a moose debauch, as on this occasion.

The Indians did not wish us to kill more moose, nor would it have been sportsmanlike so to do, as we could make no use of the meat; but it was often tantalizing when, suddenly descending a rapid, they would swing the canoes round, hold them fast with their poles, and point to a huge moose, who would take himself off at a long trot. On one occasion, however, the temptation was too great, and a ball from my rifle passed through the ear of one. So quick-sighted are the Indians, that all three at the same moment exclaimed, "It has gone through his ear."

These Indians carve pipes out of a porous kind of stone (soap-stone) found in the beds of torrents, and called by them pipe-stones; it is soft, works well, and resembles the green lava of Vesuvius. During the intervals between repletion and the chase, Sabbattis made one, which I still possess; it is exquisitely finished. On the front of the bowl, in alto-relievo, is a deer's head and horns; on the reverse and either side, Indian masks, the character of which, and the accompanying ornaments, are decidedly Egyptian. I was much struck on finding the same ornaments, frieze, and even the same character of

heads, in one of the tombs lately discovered in the Necropolis of the Tarquini, near Cornetto.

The outlet of the lake was full of lampreys in their migration from the sea, lying in coils upon beds of sand which they throw up themselves; and they were so thick, that, upon lowering a stick with some hooks attached to it, and jerking it up suddenly, three or four were pulled out at a time. In the shoal parts of the lake, we speared terrepins, a large kind of freshwater turtle, of a beautiful sea-green colour, weighing from six to eight pounds, and full of eggs, not bad roasted, and much esteemed by the Micmacs.

The Indians having despatched three or four dozen of lampreys, though without the bad effect which is said to have followed a like excess on the part of one of our early kings, and imitating ourselves the resignation of the swell who made up his mind that he could *rough* it upon beefsteak and a bottle of claret, we contrived to do the like on an excellent supper of venison, grouse, turtles' eggs, and a dish of fish; and, having lit our pipes, and stretched our feet towards a roaring fire, we might truly say with Goldsmith,

O luxury ! thou curse by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee !

We listened to John's description of the manner of "calling the moose," which takes

place about the end of September or beginning of October, when the frosts have set in. As fires cannot be lit, nor tobacco smoked, this species of hunting is attended with great privation and hardship. Then is the rutting season; the antlers of the male have attained their full growth; and he is in truth a noble animal. When the moon is at its full, the Indians proceed with the greatest caution to the still waters, and take up a position in their canoes amongst the adjacent brushwood. They are provided with a piece of birch-bark, rolled up into the shape of a speaking-trumpet, by blowing through which they imitate exactly the lowing made by the female when calling her mate.

From Father Repas's account of his residence at the court of Peking, we find that the Emperor of China amused himself by "calling" deer much in the manner practised by the Indians in Nova Scotia; he says, p. 79:—

"The Emperor took part in another species of sport unknown in Europe. He set out by night with all the great company above mentioned, and, when within two miles of the spot selected for the sport, he left the army, and ascended the top of the hill with six or seven hunters clothed in stag-skins from head to foot. Here one of the hunters put on a kind of mask, resembling a stag's head with horns, and concealed himself among the bushes, in such a manner that at first

sight he might be taken for a stag, while the emperor and the others crouched down close by, all being armed with good guns, to the end of which were fixed small pieces of stag's horn. The stags are followed by several does, which they will not allow any other stag to approach. Early in the morning, they instinctively raise a cry of challenge; the other stags arrive, and a fight ensues, which continues until one is slain, when the victor takes possession of his rival's herd of does. One of the hunters now blows an instrument which both in shape and sound very much resembles those with which our herdsmen call the swine, and which closely imitates the belling of the stag. • At this sound, the stags hasten to the hill, and seeking their supposed rival, they come within gun-shot and meet with their death."

John described it as glorious, when perfect stillness reigned over the forest, to hear the bulls, sometimes three or four together, first at a long distance, and by degrees nearer and nearer, rushing on, bellowing and roaring, knocking each other over, trampling down the brushwood, and dashing through the streams, until they come so close to the hunter, that they have no time to discover the deception, before a ball from the unerring aim of an Indian's rifle stretches them lifeless.

It is much to be regretted, that the province of New Brunswick should be so little known in England ; that a colony containing many millions of acres of excellent land, magnificent rivers, inexhaustible mineral wealth, and most extensive coal-fields, should be passed over as unheeded as if it belonged not to the British empire. Even in Parliament the advantages of emigration to Canada or the United States are frequently expatiated upon in glowing and persuasive terms, but very rarely is any notice taken of New Brunswick.

In none of our colonies does the agricultural settler find so many advantages as in New Brunswick. In the counties of Gloucester and Restigouche, the most northern parts of the province, excellent crops of wheat have been grown ; and scarcely an instance can be adduced in which the crop of grain of any kind has failed ; whilst, in the production of potatoes and other nutritious roots, New Brunswick cannot be excelled.

Lord Sydenham, in a letter to Lord John Russell, which accompanied his Report on Emigration to Upper Canada, observes :—" Give me yeomen, with a few hundred pounds each, who will buy cleared farms, not throw themselves into the Bush, and I will ensure them comforts and independence at the end of a couple of years—pigs, park, flour, potatoes, horses to ride, cows to milk, but you must eat all you produce, for devil a purchaser is to be found : however, the man's

wants are supplied and those of his family ; he has no rent or taxes to pay, and he ought to be satisfied."

So said Lord Sydenham of Canada ; and all is true as regards New Brunswick, with this essential and striking difference, that in New Brunswick there *is* a market, and a man may not only supply his own wants and those of his family, but actually accumulate money from the sale of his surplus produce. Above all, nowhere are the liberties so dear to Englishmen to be enjoyed in a higher degree than in this province. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the time may not be far distant when a spur shall be given to enterprise ; when the tide of emigration, instead of flowing through this magnificent colony, shall be arrested in its course ; when mining and manufactures shall give employment to thousands of workmen, who from lack of such sources in our own colonies, are forced to seek them in the United States.

The government have at length published their Regulations for the sale and settlement of Crown Lands—insufficient for any really useful purpose ; and the men who compose the present administration were never weary of talking in the House about this very subject, and denouncing the former government for not having done more in the cause of emigration. They have had an opportunity of trying their skill in preparing a measure, and.

they have done far less than their predecessors. The very best section in the former Act they have ignored altogether. Having thus proved their inability to grapple with such a question as emigration, it can easily be shown in what respect the Government have erred in the framing of their famous Regulations. If they are really earnest in their desire to forward the work of immigration to New Brunswick, they should have ordered the survey of blocks of Crown lands in different sections of the province, and prepared plans for inspection. These blocks should be as conveniently situated to the great roads as possible, so that the expense of cutting a way to them would be as small as circumstances would admit. The blocks once surveyed, roads should be laid out to their front by the Government. When intending settlers arrive, if they choose to purchase land at once, they should not have to go through all the forms prescribed in the Regulations, waiting for the survey, and afterwards for the approval of their applications, which will take months before they can take possession of the land, should they then obtain it. Why should not the simple plan adopted elsewhere be carried out in New Brunswick? The local deputy in each county or district should be able to exhibit the plans to all applicants, point out the land, and, if they agreed to the terms, then forward a statement of the circumstances to the Govern-

ment, for immediate approval. It may be said, that the expense of making the roads to such blocks would cost the province dear. Suppose it did, the land would become more valuable, and the settler would be in a position to derive immediate benefit from his purchase. It is folly to talk of obtaining an enterprising class of settlers, by telling them that they shall have land for almost nothing, while they can reach it only with the greatest difficulty.* If we expect to have the country settled, there must be roads intersecting it; otherwise the land is useless for farming purposes. The mere fact of offering land at a merely nominal rate has never done anything towards settling the country. On the contrary, it has had an injurious effect, as people naturally conclude that if the Government is so anxious to give the land away, it cannot be worth much. In Canada, where the blocks are laid out and roads made thereto, the land is set up at 20s. an acre. It is needless to contrast the effect of the two systems, or their influence upon emigration. If an immigrant lands in the former province, and is not able to purchase land, he hires out with a farmer, and is thus obtaining a knowledge of the country, which is ever after valuable to him; but in New Brunswick the case is different: in consequence of the small number of extensive farmers, farm labourers are only required for a few months in the year, and during the remainder, they must

turn their attention to other pursuits, or else leave the country altogether. It is, therefore, the more necessary than it is for Canada to have the land surveyed and open for immediate settlement ; but the Government scheme does not recognize this paramount consideration.

The absurdity of the Regulations is most glaring. A settler, for example, is prevented from removing a single log off his land until he has paid for it in full. Another is, that the petitioner must be a British subject, thereby excluding a valuable class of foreign emigrants who might otherwise settle in the province. No other than British subjects can obtain land under this scheme, for no matter how anxious industrious foreigners might be to take the oath of allegiance, they must reside in the country seven years before they can do so, and consequently our narrow-minded administration would not allow them to hold a foot of land during the whole of this time ! Further, in these resolutions we find nothing about making known the resources of the province in the parent country, and perhaps it is as well, as no efforts are to be made to develop them. An emigration agent acquainted with the customs and habits of the rural population, and possessing ability to explain his views, might even yet be sent home with much advantage to the province, notwithstanding the attractions presented by richer and more progressive countries.

To expect that any mere ephemeral publication, setting forth statements in glowing terms of the condition of a territory almost unknown in the farming districts in Great Britain, will have any beneficial effect beyond the advantage it gives to the printer and publisher, is as reasonable as to expect ice in July or roses in January.

In a few years a line of railway must pass through the province to Canada—for the Canadians are determined to have it—and Great Britain is deeply interested in its success. From the western portion of Canada, it will be pushed on through the Rocky Mountains, and not stop until the steam-whistle is heard on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. And the nation that possesses such a line of railway must control the vast commerce of India, China, Australia, and the numerous islands in those seas. Once completed, as it assuredly will be, a passenger from England could, in about fifteen days, be standing on Vancouver's Island!

When the railway to Canada through New Brunswick is completed, our chances of securing emigration will be slighter than they now are. The star of the bold and resolute adventurers will settle in the far West, and this fair province will be merely the stopping-place on the route.

CHAPTER IX.

A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

Star-bespangled Banner — Flying Artillery — Crimping System—Tables d'Hôte—Whales at Peas—Mercantile Fowls—Sea Speculations—Sky-blue—Yankees' Shaving—Frigid Baptists—American Stage Coaches—Canals—Ontario—Niagara.

THE novelty of a New Brunswick life having a little worn off, three of us started, about the end of August, for a race through the northern states, as far as the Falls of Niagara. The steamer to which we consigned ourselves passed through the Bay of Passamaquoddy, the waters of which, studded with a thousand islands of all shapes and sizes, are beyond description beautiful. Eastport, a frontier town of the State of Maine, was our first landing-place. Over the fort floated the star-bespangled banner, at least half an acre of bunting—"The stars to illumine our friends, the stripes to punish our enemies."

This fort was garrisoned by a *company* of horse artillery. It was composed entirely of deserters from our regiments quartered from time to time in New Brunswick. These regiments being infantry, the men had, of course, never learned to ride, and rarely to exercise great guns. Nevertheless, they did duty as flying artillery in the United States. They wore fancy-coloured waist-

coats under sky-blue jackets, trowsers of the same colour, with broad yellow stripes down them; their boots turned up at the toes, like skates, the trowsers only reaching half-way down their legs. The whole was crowned by a frightful leather cap, with a huge brass letter to denote their company; but it is only fair to remark that their barracks were as clean as an unlimited allowance of white-wash could make them.

We recognized a rascal who had deserted from St. John's not long before. He was walking about, dragging a nine-pound shot fastened to his leg (by which we concluded that he had already got into a scrape), smoking a cigar, and looking as if he did not care a rush for General Jackson or any one else. We heard, soon after leaving Eastport that, this company having been ordered to Florida, to quell an insurrection of the Seminole Indians, the majority of them deserted on their march to Boston. They were, however, retaken, and sent on. Upon my return to New Brunswick, I saw a letter from the last of the survivors to his brother, recommending him and his comrades on no account to desert their colours for the American service, he being the only one who had escaped the tomahawk of the Indians, or the deadly pestilence of the swamps.

The difficulty, however, of preventing desertion was, in spite of all warnings, very great in New Brunswick. Yankee agents followed the men, enticed them into crimping houses, plied

them with drink, and, when sufficiently intoxicated, they were put on board fast-sailing schooners, which got under weigh whilst they lay in a state of unconsciousness. On coming to themselves, many might have returned, had they not been plied with more rum, and dreaded the consequences of their first transgression. There was but one solitary instance of a man's returning during the two years we remained in New Brunswick.

The officers of the United States army whom we met at Eastport, from having seen much of Indian life, were very agreeable; and the commandant, in particular, who had served in the Far West, was a most gentlemanlike man. His daughter, a young lady of fourteen, understood Latin and Greek, and was looking forward to her return to school at Boston to learn Hebrew, and finish her education!

The steamers to Portland had blown up, or been burnt; so we were obliged to go round in a schooner, on board of which there were the most dreadful set I ever recollect to have encountered. One man got up at table to let another pass down, who immediately dropped into the vacant place. The civil man remonstrated—in vain: the answer he received was, "Well, I guess you shouldn't have got up then—by Jove—I shall keep it now." After dinner, the majority sang psalms, until dispersed by a drunken slumberer singing "Yankee Doodle," and "Hail, Columbia."

It was midnight when we landed at Portland. After going the round of the hotels, which were full, we discovered a large reception-room, filled with "shake-downs," in one of which we found a fellow-passenger already ensconced. He had turned in with all his clothes on, as he had done during the three nights on board the schooner, what the Yankees term "all standing," viz., in boots, great coat, &c. He had, besides, heaped the clothes from all the other beds on his own, though the room was hot to suffocation; of these, however, we soon dispossessed him, and betook ourselves to horizontal refreshment in the best manner we could.

Portland is a very neat town: double rows of trees on each side of the streets; the houses clinker-built, and painted in bright colours, divided from the street and each other by gardens and parterres. From the top of the Observatory there is a grand view, commanding the town, harbour, and its islands, and Mount Washington, a bold hill, in shape resembling Soracte, bounding the horizon to the north-east. The ladies were well dressed, well *chausséd*, and well *coifféd à la chinoise*, with a gummed *crève-cœur* in front of the ear, domestically termed by them a "spit curl."

For the first time we here dined at a regular American *table d'hôte*. The consumption of food was fearful; some left the table in seven minutes and a half; from that to fourteen the room was cleared,

and we were left alone. Boiled green Indian corn, plastered over with butter, seemed the favourite dish, and not bad either. They held it at both ends, gnawing it round, ridge after ridge, like a man playing pandean pipes. Some, in their hurry, transfixed whole fowls and dragged them bodily on to their plates. One man, turning sharp round to me, said, "Stranger, I guess I'll trouble you for the *balance* of that fowl," meaning what remained of it on the dish.

A brother officer, travelling with his wife, was dining at Boston, on the first day green peas made their appearance. He saw the dish making its rounds, and but one man between himself, his wife, and the peas, he therefore made sure of getting some for her; but no—Jonathan swept the whole contents of the dish into his plate, gave the dish an exulting shove, and, turning round, exclaimed, "Stranger, I guess I'm a whale at peas." It is perfectly painful to witness the practice of arranging peas along the blade of a knife and eating them off by rows, dispelling the charm of a young and pretty face; nor was the substitution of forks for toothpicks a particularly redeeming trait.

However, it is but justice to the Americans to state that no later than at the close of the seventeenth century, we find a *royal* "whale at peas." A king of England (a Dutchman, it is true), of whom the Duchess of Marlborough, in her apology for her conduct, observes:—"I give an instance of

his vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the Princess of Wales* dined with him. It was in the beginning of his reign, when she was with child of the Duke of Gloucester. There happened to be a plate of peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without offering the princess the least share of them, ate them every one himself. Whether he offered any to the queen I cannot say; but he might do so safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch them. The princess confessed, when she came home, she had so much mind to the peas, that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."

From Portland we embarked on board a magnificent steamer for Boston. There were upwards of four hundred persons on board, half of them ladies. The gentlemen's cabin was one hundred and eighty feet long. The doors of the ladies' cabin were left open, in consequence of the excessive heat. There were many unprovided with berths, and they lay about in beautiful confusion, most of them in great dishabille.

These steamers have the appearance of floating bazaars, every sort of amusement going on, from eating, drinking, and gambling, to swapping and speculating, even to the taking advantage of the miseries of their fellow-passengers: it being a common practice, when the steamers are crowded

* His sister-in-law, the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne.

and a rough passage expected, for sharpers to take a number of berths on the chance of *sea-sick bidders*; three, four, or even five times the original price being then given.

"The Tremont House," the crack hotel of Boston and of the United States, was full; but we were well put up in the "American," a new house. We had now got fairly into American hours—breakfast from seven to eight, dinner from one to two, and tea six to seven. Tea and coffee made the only distinction of the first and last, for meat was equally served at all.

The bedsteads in the hotel fell to pieces on touching a spring,—an, ingenious invention in a town where fires so constantly occur. There were no fewer than four on the night of our arrival; but they are wonderfully soon got under, the fire-engine department being well organized.

"But fires are getting fainter,
Incendiarism's flat,
For there's a clever painter
Will put a stop to that.
Though form'd of wood, he's shown
Each house will 'scape all right :—
He'll paint them so like stone,
They will not catch alight!"

We lionized in due order the park, called the

Common, full of magnificent old elms, of which the Bostonians take great care. We hired excellent hacks, and visited Mount Auburn, the cemetery of the aristocracy of Boston—Spurzheim is buried here,—and returned through Cambridge, the largest college in the States, and by Bunker's Hill, where they have erected a monument to commemorate the battle which *we* won.

No independent Yankee ever thinks of shaving himself. They study the comfort of that operation much, and the chair in which they sit has a board or platform for the head to rest upon, which is raised or depressed by a screw to the desired height; when adjusted, the artist, generally a Negro, seizes the patient's nose between his forefinger and thumb, and shaves him *slick*. He then powders the face as a finale. We tried the process, and found it rather comfortable. At Eastport a woman operated. A New Englander travels so much, that a wardrobe would be in the way: he therefore gets everything "standing," a complete suit, and when worn out he buys another; rarely has he a change of anything, with the exception of fronts, one of which, tied on after shaving, does duty for, and has all the appearance of, a clean shirt; but like Topffer's Monsieur Vieuxbois, "*il change de linge bien rarement.*" His kit, therefore, not being extensive, packs easily into a small valise,

and is conveniently carried in one hand; brushes, combs, tooth-brushes, and round-towels being generally to be found suspended from the walls in most of the hotels and steamboats.

But one word for Jonathan. Have we not hair and nail brushes in all our clubs, *pro bono publico*? and have not Her Majesty's faithful Commons the like?

However, on this point nations differ materially; a Russian does not consider it dirty to eat tallow candles, or swallow train-oil. A Jew condemns pork as unclean. A French-woman will not wash her face, except with rose-water, for fear of spoiling her complexion. An Irish landlady has been known to describe her lodger as "the *claanest* jewel of a man in the world, for, sure, he wouldn't dirty a towel in a week." A Spanish lady, the *chère amie* of an officer at Gibraltar, whose teeth were suffering from the use of cigarettes, was presented by him with a tooth-brush. When he called the next day, he found her busily employed cleaning her trinkets with it. And the horror too of one of Napoleon's generals was so great on discovering that the object of his affections, an Italian of high birth, never used a certain description of bath, that on his return to Paris, he caused a beautiful one of Sèvres China to be manufactured, had it mounted on gold legs, and sent the *bijou* with a well-cacheted billet, to *la bella principessa*, who, de-

lighted with so novel a *cadeau*, but mistaking its use, asked a large party of friends to dinner, to see her beautiful epergne.

In the New England States, the ladies are, for the most part, extremely serious, and camp-meetings more fashionable than theatres.

We quitted Boston, without regret, by the railroad for Worcester, which mode of travelling is designated by the Yankees, "Hell in harness." Owing to its serpentine construction, we progressed but slowly. The railway not being finished, we took the "stage" at Worcester. The stages in all parts of the United States are conducted on the same principle—abominable, cooped-up contrivances, holding nine inside, three on each seat, the centre one having a wide leather strap to support the backs of those who have the bad luck to be the last on the list. There are no outside places; and, therefore, there is no hope of any relief from the horrors of a hot day and a full coach.

The "drivers," whom it would be treason to call *coachmen*, change, with their teams, every fourteen or sixteen miles, are kind to their horses, and drive with "the reins in both hands," as my fellow-traveller observed, "and the whip in the other." They are little round-shouldered rascals, sitting on the box, with their chins almost resting on their knees, and arms extended to full length, clean their own horses, and drive them invariably

in snaffle-bits, and without bearing-reins; giving them great quantities of water, three or four times during the stage: upon occasion, the coach is driven bodily into ponds, rivers, or lakes. In America, as, on the Continent, carriages are always passed on the right hand. England is the only country where the reverse is practised, and her children in the New World have adopted the Continental practice, in contradistinction, I suppose, to the habits of the mother-country; but,

“The laws of the road are a paradox quite;
 For when you are travelling along,
 If you keep to the *left* you'll be sure to be *right*,
 If you keep to the *right* you'll be *wrong*.”

The country we passed through to Northampton was but partially cleared, the tide of emigration having set to the west, the lands being there more fertile, requiring less labour and clearing, and to be had for less money.

We passed the Connecticut river by a covered wooden bridge, eleven hundred feet long, and arrived at Northampton, the *beau idéal* of a country village, with its white cottages and green jalousies; magnificent and gigantic elms, single or in groups, part of the primeval forest, judiciously spared, added to its beauties. This is the father-land of the Temperance system, which is carried to so disagreeable an extent, that we were able to get only sour cider at the inns, and often not even

that. A meeting in support of these doctrines was going on in the evening; an immense assemblage, chiefly of women, were edified by a man holding forth, till he worked himself into a perfect frenzy; arguing strenuously that any person selling spirituous liquors was a murderer.

At our next halt, Pittsfield, we hired hacks, and visited a village of Shaking Quakers: they wear much the same kind of garb as their brethren in the Old World; but we could not see them shake, as they do that only when the spirit moves them. A communicative old gentleman of the persuasion told us the world had formed erroneous opinions of their women living in common; for, of them in particular, said he, it is quite the contrary; they separated man and wife.*

* This sect originated with a woman of the name of Anne Lee, of Manchester, who having, with her associates, committed various offences against decorum, was glad to take refuge in America. This woman, with her vulgar and fanatical horde, under the name of *shakers* or *believers*, established themselves at a town named Union, not far from Cincinnati. Mr. Tell Harris, in a series of letters published in London, thus describes these bedlamites: "The bell for worship put an end to the discussion; the men disencumbering themselves of their coats and neckcloths, formed into squares six deep; and, a pair of folding-doors being thrown back, discovered the women drawn up in like manner, each party having four on their right, who in the sequel appeared to be the regulators of their motions; two men then addressed the assembly on the manner in which the Divine Being had been pleased to communicate with some of his creatures, and that he still manifests him-

In this country of sectarians, the ceremony of making a Baptist, and the ordeal they go through, must be one of the least agreeable, particularly during the winter months: a hole is cut in the ice; the candidate for baptism is lowered, and comes up at once a Baptist and an icicle. Yet, notwithstanding what is before them, there are many who present themselves for immersion, or, as the knight's bard has it,

"To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration."

self to them by inspiration; quoting the example of David and others, as proofs that dancing, singing, and clapping of hands, are acceptable offerings of praise to him. A few verses, the burden of which was 'dancing or agitation of the frame, a sign of devotion,' were next sung, accompanied with slight motions of the feet, increasing and exalting the voice as they proceeded. The hymn being ended, a short prayer was offered, that their hearts and lips might be moved in praise; a general movement now of the feet took place, accompanied with clapping of hands, twirling on their heels, leaping, shouting, screaming, while the regulators on the flanks sung with some little variation, 'Lo diddle! ho diddle! Jo diddle ho!' ceasing at intervals, to recover from the violent exertions; some, however, unable to resist the violence of their feelings, continued to start suddenly, screaming and leaping in such a manner, that a stranger could not suppose them any other than unfortunates who had eluded the vigilance of their keepers. At the expiration of an hour, their worship ceased, perhaps from mere exhaustion; the men put on their coats, the women such of their caps and handkerchiefs as had been displaced in a twinkling, the folding-doors separated them again, and each, by opposite doors, retired to their own apartments. I then left them, convinced and thankful that, to be a believer indeed, it is not necessary to be a Shaker."

From Albany a railway took us to Saratoga, the Baden-Baden of the New World. The season was over, so we saw nothing of the amusements of the place. Here we met "a gambler," who, finding that we were not to be pigeoned, altered his tack, and turned out a most amusing dog. He was full of anecdotes of the South, and it actually ended in our determining to give up, for the present, our journey through Canada down the St. Lawrence, that we might proceed thither immediately after visiting Niagara. •

We took the boat on the Erie canal from Schenectady to Utica, up the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, the canal running all the way parallel to the course of the river. This conveyance, always a bore, was made doubly so by the number of bridges we were obliged to pass under—so low that the man at the helm was obliged to sing out "Low Bridge," as we approached them, to the great terror of sundry fat gentlemen, who, not always looking ahead in time to get off the deck, were obliged to prostrate themselves on their backs; and the dismay in their faces evidently showed them to be calculating whether their large corporations could pass under unscathed. Narrow as this kind of boat must of necessity be, it was surprising how many beds they contrived to make up: a long range of trays, three deep, were let down from the cabin ceiling, on which the beds were placed, connected with,

cords somewhat in the manner of cottage bookshelves; it was, therefore, desirable to choose the highest berth, as the cords were not over strong; and, should the upper berth be occupied by any one at all approaching to Daniel Lambert's calibre, the chances are that he would carry it away, and swamp the 'unfortunate' occupant of the *primo piano*.

The manner of steering these boats by night is ingenious enough; two white goose-quills are fastened upright on either extremity of the deck, next the bow; a light from below is reflected upon the feathers, which appear to the man at the helm like two flames of fire. We were not sorry to find ourselves at Utica, and set off next day to see Trenton Falls, which are fine in their way—a succession of dark, amber-coloured falls, like the dark waters of the Caernarvonshire rivers. From Utica we had again to follow the Erie canal as far as Syracuse; whence, skirting a long lake, we descended the Oswego river, as far as the town of that name, situated at its outlet in Lake Ontario. Here we embarked in a steamer on its dark blue waters, and by sun-down had run the land out of sight. The following morning we landed at Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, which looked dirty and uninteresting.

From Toronto the *Transit* steamer crossed daily to Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara; in her we took our passage, and were duly unshipped

at the fort, where a "stage" waited to convey passengers to the Falls. The drive along the banks of the Niagara river to Queenstown is most lovely. On the left flows the sea-green Niagara, its banks covered with black walnut, hiccory, acacia, and butternut trees, while on our right stretched away fertile fields of Indian corn, and orchards crowded with apple and peach trees, the latter in such quantities, that the pigs are fed on the fruit. This beautiful scenery continues to Queenstown, half-way from the town of Niagara to the Falls, where we had to climb a hill, on the summit of which is erected a well-executed column to Sir Isaac Brock, who drove the Americans over the river in 1812. The view from this monument is one of the finest I ever looked upon. Beneath, the river, green as a vein of malachite, flows through the rich country, until it meets Ontario, which is bounded in the far horizon by blue outlines of hills some sixty miles distant.

Evidently the Falls commenced at this point, breaking their way up to their present site, seven miles further, where they have had a check, and where, in all probability, they will ever remain; for, so long as the river was confined to a narrow space, they continually receded. At present, the mass of water is broken into two falls, checked for ever by the extended width of the current. Small fragments may wear away and break off, as

did a small piece of the Table Rock a few years ago; and some such event was the probable origin of the famous hoax in the Buffalo paper, stating the cataract to have entirely disappeared; but, for ages to come, the Falls of Niagara must bear the same character, and be confined to their present *locale*. A few inches they may recede, which can only add to their sublimity.

One of the party, who was all anxiety and excitement, had extended himself at full length upon the top, or rather roof, of "the stage"—outside places, as before stated, exist not in the contrivances of the New World which do duty for coaches—and had taken up this position, fancying that he should get first view of the Falls. Indeed, all one's "auricular" nerves were on the stretch to catch the slightest murmurs of the mighty cataracts, and the veriest zephyr was enough to draw forth an ejaculation. We were now close to them, and passing through an oak forest, the branches from which frequently swept the roof of the stage, suddenly our friend exclaimed—"Listen!—there they are!—don't you hear them?" As he uttered the last word, we heard a distinct murmur, a decided rippling noise, followed by an execration; and it was instantly apparent whence the noise had proceeded—a bough of a huge oak had hitched in the nether end of our friend's best "cut-away" coat, and had divided it completely up the back to the very

shoulders—this, of course, caused a hearty laugh, in which he most good-humouredly joined. The torn habiliment was skewered together in the best manner that we could contrive; and soon afterwards we began to hear distinctly the roar of waters, and another half-hour brought us to the Falls of Niagara.

No one can, either by description of pen or pencil, give the smallest idea of these Falls. It is as impossible as the endeavour of the artist to portray the Alps of Switzerland, the Jungfrau, or Mont Blanc. The best description I ever met with of Niagara, was a Yankee remark, scribbled in Mr. Starkey's book of visitors who pass to Termination Rock,—

“AN ALMIGHTY FALL OF WATER.”

CHAPTER X.

A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

Have you ever seen Buffalo—High-pressure in a Stage—
Davy Crockett—Economical Dress for Jockeys—Mes-
merizing Deer—Lynch Law—Captain Harris's *Soirée*
—Possums—Red River—Six Feet and a Half.

TELL a Yankee that London is a large place, he will say, "Stranger, I guess you've never seen Buffalo?"

Buffalo is the capital of the West, through which the great stream of emigration passes; it was burnt by us during the late war, but rose quickly from its ashes, and is appropriately termed by the Americans, "a great business place." Dollars were in every one's mouth, whether they were in their pockets or not. It is the emporium whence start the numerous magnificent steamers which navigate Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, in one of which we embarked, to cross the first of these lakes to Cleveland, in the state of Ohio, touching at Erie, Ashtabula, and other towns *en route*. The passengers were, for the most part, of the lowest order, emigrating to the far West. The boat was crowded; and, though there was a second price, before we had left Buffalo three hours, all distinction was at end.

We had not been out long before it came on to

blow right ahead. The whole of the company, with the exception of ourselves and perhaps half a dozen others, were quickly reduced to a remarkably forlorn position. It was the third day, owing to a contrary wind, before we could make Cleveland, and during the whole of that time, they did not once wash or clean the decks. Of all detestable conveyances, a steamer bearing a republican fresh-water company is to be eschewed. One man begged me to ask my friend, who was smoking, to *lend* him his cigar; he said that he would not keep it long, he merely wanted a few puffs, as he felt very squeamish; and that if I "could borrow it for him, it might prevent his being sick!" I had lent my eau-de-Cologne bottle to a young lady who was dreadfully ill; her brother, on returning it in the morning, begged to be allowed to remunerate me for as much of it as had been used!

There were a number of Kentucky men on board, dressed in blanket-coats of green, crimson, and all colours. They were perched upon one of the paddle-boxes, eating cabbage swimming in vinegar, whole leaves of which were thrust down their capacious throats by means of bowie-knives, assisted by an occasional shove from their huge fore-fingers, cursing and swearing between each mouthful. They had a number of tumblers of gin-sling, cocktail, &c., before them, the effects of which were soon apparent in a general row, till

the conductor of the boat was obliged to interfere. We were rejoiced to land in Ohio, and get clear of such accumulated horrors.

Forty miles, the distance between Lake Erie and Wellsville, where we struck the Ohio, was accomplished in twenty-nine hours, passing by Pittsfield, the Birmingham of the United States. The road was vile: we were often obliged to turn out all hands, and supporting the top of the stage by holding rails against it, prevent its capsizing. At last it fairly broke down; upon which the driver pulled a couple of long stakes out of the fence, and placed them across the axle-tree, to support the body of the coach. This he did so systematically, that evidently it was an every-day occurrence. To our dismay, a woman got in at Rome (one of the numerous towns of that name, consisting of about four houses), who stated, by way of introduction, that "*riding* in a coach always made her sea-sick." Hardly was she seated, when she commenced roaring like a high-pressure steam-engine, until she was *relieved* by being exceedingly ill, and *we*, by the driver's quietly assisting her out, and leaving her to her fate by the road-side.

When we reached Wellsville, we found the river low, and a most diminutive steamer took us on, until deeper water enabled us to change into a larger boat. Changes were repeated several times, before we arrived at Cincinnati.

The Ohio commences at Pittsburg, where it is formed by a junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela. At Pittsburg it is six hundred yards wide; at Cincinnati a little more; and below the Cumberland, the average breadth is one thousand yards. It has a course of nine hundred and forty-nine miles to its confluence with the Mississippi. It is bounded throughout its whole course by bluffs, sometimes towering sublimely from the shores of the river, and sometimes receding two or three miles. The scenery on the Ohio fully entitles it to the French appellation, *La belle rivière*. The effect at this time was greatly heightened by the autumnal lights in the foliage; the tints of the sumachs, maples, and papaws, were most brilliant; and, this being our first autumn in America, we knew not sufficiently how to admire them. A man told me, that a white willow transplanted became weeping; he "guessed" we had nothing like *that* in the old country. He then proceeded to "guess" that we came from the North, as we were "almighty healthy-looking."

We passed a natural curiosity called "the Cave in the Rock," supposed by Indians to be the habitation of the Great Spirit. Mr. Harris, a tourist, gives the following description:—"For three or four miles before you come to this place, you are presented with a scene truly romantic. On the Illinois side of the river, are large

ponderous rocks, piled one upon another, of different shapes and sizes. Some appear to have gone through the hands of the most skilful artist; some represent the ruins of ancient edifices, thrown promiscuously in and out of the river, as if Nature intended to show us with what ease she could handle those mountains of solid rock. In some places, you see purling streams winding their course down their rugged front, while in others the rocks project so far, that they seem almost disposed to leave their doubtful situations. After a short relief from this scene, you come to a second, which is something similar to the first; and here, with strict scrutiny, you can discover the cave. Before its mouth stands a delightful grove of cypress-trees, arranged immediately on the bank of the river. They have a fine appearance, and add much to the cheerfulness of the place."

The mouth of the cave is but a few feet above the level of the river; it is formed by a semi-circular arch of about eighty feet at its base, twenty-five in height; from the entrance to the extremity is one hundred and eighty feet: it has a regular and gradual ascent. This cave was the place of resort and security to Mason, a notorious robber, and his gang, who were accustomed to plunder and murder the crews of boats while descending the Ohio.

About ten miles below the mouth of the Ten-

nessee river we passed Fort Massac, formerly a military post of importance. The French erected a fort here in the early settlement of the country, and when in possession of the western country. The Indians, then at war with them, devised a curious stratagem to take it. A number appeared, in the daytime, on the opposite side of the river, each covered with a bear's skin, and walked on all-fours. Supposing them to be bears, a party of French crossed the river in pursuit. The remainder of the troops left their quarters to see the sport. Meanwhile a large body of warriors, who were concealed in the woods hard by, came silently behind the fort, entered it without opposition, and very few French escaped the massacre. They afterwards built another fort on the same ground, and called it Fort Massac, in memory of this disastrous event.

The people of Cincinnati complained that they had had a "dreadfully dull season." This, which we imagined might relate to a paucity of amusements, or even a want of briskness in trade, we found to relate solely to hogs. "No quantity had been killed;" they hoped the following season would be better, and contrasted it gloomily with the last, "when the streets had run rivers of blood." Mrs. Trollope's bazaar they call Trollope's Folly, and seem to hold her in especial detestation.

The steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi have

all high-pressure engines. The reason given is, that the water of the Mississippi is so muddy, that the deposit in the boiler would choke them up; certainly the escape-valve vomits forth a stream of mud as well as steam. The largest vessels are well fitted up—some have three tiers of decks, one above the other: all are constructed with large overhanging guards, giving great deck-room. Accidents are frequent, from all the passengers rushing to one side at the landing-places; and the boilers, often to the number of ten or twelve, being placed horizontally, the water rushes from one to another, and they collapse, on which occasions some ten or twenty persons are generally either burned or scalded to death. The furnaces are open in front, and the great draught occasioned by rapid movement through the air causes them to burn brilliantly; when racing with other boats, the crew will burn tar-barrels. As for gambling and drinking, it exceeded all belief, and the consumption of gin-sling and mint-julep was enormous.

* Races were going on at Louisville, the capital of Kentucky. The Kentuckians, with Davy Crockett at their head, are a sporting race, in general, fine-looking fellows, good shots, and, *par excellence*, the roughest of all the inhabitants of the United States.

Everything here is Davy Crockett. He was member of Congress; his voice so gruff as to be

indescribable. When unwell, he took hailstones for "life pills"—picked his teeth with a pitchfork—combed his hair with a rake—fanned himself with a hurricane—wore a cast-iron shirt—and drank nothing but creosote and aquafortis! Almanacs bear his name; and he snored so loud, that he was forced to sleep in the next street for fear of waking himself! He had a farm so rocky, that, when the corn was planted, they were obliged to shoot the grains into the crevices of the rocks with muskets; and, on another part of his property, so thick were the stones, that the ducks couldn't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers; in short, he was a devil of a fellow! He could whip his weight in wild cats—drink the Mississippi dry—shoot six cord of bear in one day—and, as his countrymen say of themselves, he could jump higher, dive deeper, and rise drier than any one else! Then he could slide down the slippery end of a rainbow, and was recognized as half-horse, half-alligator, and a bit of a snapping turtle! Even his domestic animals were the most cunning in the world; and he possessed a cat which, having lost her kittens, was so "cute," that she was observed moaning for several days at the door of a *sausage-maker*!

"I whip my weight in wild cats,
I eat an alligator,
And tear up more ground

“I sit upon a hornets’ nest,
I dance upon my head,
I tie a viper round my neck,
And den I goes to bed.”

On awaking, the morning after our arrival at Louisville, a great noise attracted us to the window: half the street had disappeared; numbers of oxen were carrying off the houses bodily, some fifteen or twenty being harnessed to a house, the passage of which was facilitated by rollers placed at intervals.

Like the Virginians, the Kentuckians are extensive rearers of horses, and take great trouble, sparing no expense to improve the breed. The race-course was inclosed with railings, so that the horses could not bolt, but were obliged to run round in a circle, as at Astley’s. The jockeys who bestrode them were diminutive negro boys. The economy of their dress was delightful: white drawers tied round their bare legs just below the knee, leaving the little black legs naked; at a short distance it had the appearance of boots and breeches. As the horses ran away from the start, it was a fair runaway match, and the boy who rode the winner came in well upon the horse’s neck; the ears of the horse alone, to all appearance, preventing the boy’s being dragged over his head. The Kentuckians are capital rifle-shots, and will often hit a squirrel in the eye at sixty yards. The barrels of their rifles are very long, and the bore

remarkably small, but so heavy as to prevent any recoil. They shoot deer at night, taking with them a pan of charcoal, which they carry through the woods. This, they say, does not alarm the deer, but, on the contrary, has the effect of fascinating the animal, the eyes of which appear to the hunter like two balls of fire. A good marksman (his sight being assisted by a line of chalk drawn down the barrel of the rifle as a guide) shoots him exactly between the eyes.

We followed the Ohio to its junction with the Mississippi. Having built many castles in the air as to the meeting of these two mighty rivers, we were (as is usually the case) extremely disappointed. We glided quite imperceptibly into *the Father of the Waters*,* whose lazy, muddy flood is lost for nearly two miles in the stronger and beautiful green stream of the Ohio, which drives the Mississippi quite to one side. Here we passed many large steamers on their voyage up to St. Louis on the Missouri.

One hundred and fifty years after the Mississippi was discovered by La Salle, Mr. Schoolcraft first reached its source in a little lake, Itasca, on a high table-land, 1,500 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, and 3,160 miles from its mouth by the windings of its channel. It traverses 18° of latitude. Three hundred miles from its source it

* The Indian name for the Mississippi.

precipitates its waters down the "Falls of St. Anthony;" thence it glides alternately through beautiful meadows and deep forests, commingling, as it rolls along, with the tribute of a hundred streams.

The Falls of St. Anthony, instead of being fifty feet high, as described by early French writers, are but sixteen or seventeen feet in perpendicular descent. The surrounding scenery is, however, most striking and romantic. A thrilling story is told of a young Dacotah, or Sioux squaw, who, goaded by jealousy of her husband having taken another wife, placed her young children in a canoe, and, chanting the remembrances of love and broken vows, precipitated herself and her infants down the falls. Indians are always romancers, if not poets. Their traditions aver that these ill-fated beings perished, so that no trace of them was seen; but they suppose that the mother's spirit still wanders near the spot, and is seen on sunny mornings carrying her babes in the accustomed manner, bound to her bosom, and still mourning the inconstancy of her husband.

Eight hundred and forty-three miles from the Falls, the waters of the Mississippi are augmented by the immense stream of the Missouri from the west. The latter has the longer course, brings down a greater bulk of water, and gives its own character to the united current; yet it loses its

name in the inferior stream. Above their junction, the Mississippi is a clear, placid stream, one mile and a half in width; below, it is turbid, and becomes narrower, deeper, and more rapid.

Between the Missouri and the sea, a distance of 1,220 miles, it receives its principal tributaries—the Ohio from the east, and the Arkansas and Red River from the west; and immediately below the mouth of the latter, gives off, in times of flood, a portion of its superfluous water by the outlet of the Atchafalaya. It is on this lower part of its course where it should, properly speaking, bear the name of the Missouri, that it often tears away the islands and projecting points, and, at the season of high water, plunges great masses of the banks, with all their trees, into its current. In many places it deposits immense heaps of drift-wood upon its mud-bars, which become as dangerous to the navigator as shoals and rocks at sea.

Craft of all sorts are found on these waters. There are the rude, shapeless masses, denoting the infancy of navigation, and the powerful and magnificent steamboats marking its perfection; together with all the intermediate forms between extremes. The most inartificial of all water-craft is the ark, or Kentucky flat, a huge frame of square timbers, with a roof; it is in the shape of a parallelogram, and lies upon the water like a log; it hardly feels the oar, and trusts for mo-

tion mainly to the current. These arks are often filled with the families and goods of emigrants. They are also used as shops for various goods which are sold at the different towns in their downward course. Some are fitted up as workshops for artificers, others contain museums of wax-work figures, and other raree-shows, or travelling libraries.

The first steamboat on these waters was built at Pittsburg in 1811, and, according to our book, up to the year 1838, above eight hundred had been built; and there were at that time upwards of three hundred on the Mississippi and its tributaries. There are also keel-boats and barges, which are light and well built; skiffs that will carry from two to five tons; "dug-outs," or pirogues, made of hollowed logs, and other vessels, for which language has no name and the sea no parallel.

And now commenced that tiresome voyage so often described:—snags, sawyers, running aground; then all the contrivances for getting afloat again. We were soon weary of it. For days the scenery was unvaried. The country on either side a dead flat, covered with masses of gigantic forest, excepting where the growth of white poplar of different heights, one above another, indicated, like a flight of steps, the constant shifting of the river, and the formation of its deposits. It is this perpetual change which renders the navigation

so difficult and uncertain, and the pilots unable to guard against running aground. The Rhine, from Strasburg to Carlsruhe, and the Danube, from Mölk to Vienna, are affected in the same way, and have much the appearance of the Mississippi. As we advanced towards the south, the vegetation daily changed. Where swamps existed in the opening of the forests, the trees were covered with long pendent mosses, which are dried and used to stuff mattresses. On examination, a long hair is found in each fibre. Peccan trees, bearing delicious nuts, many kinds of bay, evergreen oaks, cypress, lauristinus, *Magnolia grandiflora*, *Palma Christi*, &c. &c., took the place of forest trees.

Once a day we stopped "to wood," in which operation the deck-passengers were expected to assist. The squalid appearance of the wretched squatters who make the provision of wood has often been described. In one place we came to a set of people strangely out of character with the surrounding scene,—a set of actors rehearsing in a cane brake, hard by the water's edge. They had embarked at Pittsville on the Ohio, and were acting their way down to New Orleans. Luckily, there were but few passengers on board, who, after having asked every question they could think of, left us in peace for cards and dram-drinking. I was writing a letter in the cabin, when the steward of the boat came behind me,

and began reading over my shoulder ; I suspected what he was about, and having somewhere heard or read (in Joe Miller, perhaps) of a like case, I wrote, " I cannot add more, for a carroty-headed rascal is looking over my shoulder." He took the hint, and, filling one cheek with tobacco, went off whistling

" My daddy loved his backer pipe,
My mother loved her poodle,
Till I appear'd a cherry ripe,
Dear little Yankee Doodle.
Ri tol lol, &c."

The only instance of anything approaching to a hill, was at Natchez and Randolph, both situated upon bluffs of land ; and these were not of any considerable height. The former had been the head-quarters of a notorious set of gamblers and scoundrels. It was a common practice to put lights in the windows, and to begin music and dancing when the steamers came alongside. The passengers, attracted by the sounds, went on shore to see the fun. The captain of the steamer, being a confederate, rang the bell of the steamer as a signal for departure ; the passengers rushed down to the boat, and fell over ropes stretched across their path to trip them up, when they were set upon and robbed.

At Randolph we found the captain of a steamer on his trial, for conniving at the escape of a slave. The court was held in a sort of bar for selling

liquors; the judge was in his shirt-sleeves, covered with the flue of cotton, the picking of which he had evidently just left, and the accused was balancing himself on the hind-legs of his chair, with his feet elevated against the wall, and smoking a cigar. The departure of the boat obliged us to leave the prisoner, uncertain of his fate, whether to justice or Lynch law we never learned; most probably the latter, which is performed by covering the unfortunate individual with tar, and then rolling him in cotton. He is put across a rail, and carried about; hence the expression frequent in these parts, "I guess he'll ride a rail." Bad as all this is, we must recollect that, in a society composed of ruffians, the very outcasts of the world, who have been driven first from Europe and then from all the more civilized quarters of America, to these far-distant parts, beyond the pale of civilization and laws, it is well that even a code of any sort exists.

Lynch law exists, though on a *milder* scale, on this side of the Atlantic. In 1833, whilst the Coercion Act was in force for the county of Kilkenny, military officers were made magistrates in the disturbed districts, in one of which was included the town of Ballyraggett. A cur dog one of a numerous breed inhabiting that place, excited the irritability of a gallant officer invested with the power of preserving the peace, by "ill-using or otherwise maltreating" his favourite.

spaniel. The cur was discovered next morning so heavily logged that he was regularly anchored to the ground. His master, seeing his dog in *durance vile*, enlisted, in his cur's behalf, a numerous gang of the Ballyraggett *fair*, who, watching their opportunity, sallied forth *en masse* on the unfortunate captain and his subaltern, whilst on a fishing excursion, and, by main force, quickly denuded them of every stitch of clothing, leaving them to hide in the wavy bulrushes until night favoured their escape.

Some good stories we heard illustrative of high life in Kentucky. A man who had feasted his eyes upon a fair lady's graceful form, and followed her through the mazy dance, at last ejaculated, with great emphasis, "By Jams! that gal's worth spoons, so I guess I'll dance with her." On the conclusion of the set, the *gentleman's* self-introduction ran as follows: "Miss, will you dance with *me*?" On the young lady's declining, he exclaimed, "Well, you're not so handsome but what you *might*; and if you have got a friend or a brother in the room, I'll whip him, by ——!" And at another ball, which had gone on with great spirit up to a certain time of the night, and fair partners and mint juleps had had their effect upon the disciples of Davy Crockett—

"The pipers loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew"—

the host suddenly rushed in amongst the dancers,

exclaiming, "Gentlemen, the ball is broke, Captain Harris has kissed my wife." Of course, a regular commotion took place; and soft speeches were foregone for hurried draughts of cocktail, slings, &c., as a general search took place for muffs, boas, and tippets, and all thought of taking themselves off, when the injured husband suddenly made his reappearance, and, taking up a position in the midst of the room, called out, "Gentlemen, the ball may go on again; Captain Harris has behaved like a gentleman; he has given me *ample* satisfaction, by. —!—he has given me five dollars!"

We were told of a man being seen writhing on the ground, as if in convulsions, the while thrusting his thumbs furiously into the sand—on being asked what he was about, he replied, "he was *practising* gouging."

All carry knives, generally *Arkansas toothpicks*. The blades, being longer than the handles, allow only three-parts to be shut; over the point, a scabbard is carried, which, when in expectation of a row, they take off, and begin picking their teeth with the point, preparatory to opening the full length of the blade, which is only resorted to should the row become a general one.

The following is a specimen of their mode of proceeding upon entering a steamer, particularly should it be crowded, and the chance of getting a berth doubtful. They take out their knife and

place it on one, exclaiming, "H——! that is my berth;" as much as to say, they are ready to fight for it; but should any one happen to have a pistol, and allow the possessor of the knife to see the superior weapon, he will immediately give in, pocket the knife, and withdraw his claim, as he considers the other the better armed, and, in consequence, the better man. The old saying of "might is right" is fully exemplified on the Mississippi, and this is the excuse for Lynch law.

We landed at an island below the mouth of the Red River, to await the arrival of a boat coming up from New Orleans. The only accommodation was a log hut, put together like the mountain chalets of Switzerland; and, when inside, the entrance of the light between the round logs produced just the effect of being in a cage. We accompanied our host to hunt for our supper, or rather for opossums, the only food forthcoming, excepting squirrels and some coarse cakes of Indian corn. The night was very bright, and the chase most successful. We found them by means of dogs: when discovered, they immediately sham dead. '*Possuming*' is become an idiom; a term signifying any one who humbugs or deceives. "Their habits have often been described; but I do not know that I have ever met with any mention of one peculiarity belonging to them. If surprised in a tree, they will suspend themselves straight down by the tail, which they

wind round a branch, thus making themselves appear as part of the tree; sometimes they take the appearance of the mosses of the tree; in short, their power of adapting themselves to the situation they are found in is most extraordinary. When roasted, they are not unlike a sucking pig—not bad either. Thousands of parroquets were screaming through the woods,—“*Psittacus Carolinensis*,” the only one of the parrot tribe inhabiting North America.

We had to keep watch by turns through the night, expecting the boat every moment; at last we heard her puffing and roaring. Fancying she must be abreast of us, we were immediately bustling off, when the people in the hut told us we need not hurry, for she could not be up for three hours; and so it turned out: the night being calm, the noise of the broken-winded, high-pressure steam-engine might be heard distinctly for ten miles. So winding is the course of the river, that, although she could not be more than that distance off in a straight line, she was, in fact, nearly thirty miles; often a nick in the bank, followed by a flood, will make a new channel, changing the old circuitous line, and thereby saving or adding ten or twenty miles, as the case may be.

By daylight, we found ourselves in the Red River—a sullen, sluggish, red, ochre-coloured

caused it to overflow its banks for somewhere about one hundred miles, as we ascended, which gave the appearance of steering right through the forest: the effect was grand and novel, the stream rapid, and the great red flood rushed through the trees, extending as far as the eye could reach. On every log or uncovered bank lay numbers of alligators: we fired with our rifles at many of them; but, although close, the ball had no effect, except in the instance of a very small one which a Yankee killed. They seldom prove the attacking party, though such instances have occurred: it is said that the best mode of escape is for the attacked to get to a tree, and run constantly round it. The alligators cannot turn quickly; all their strength, when on land, is in the tail, with which they sweep their prey into their mouths; from their extreme length, they move only in an angular direction, and find it impossible to turn suddenly enough to catch a man describing a small circle.

Quantities of the beautiful egret, or lesser egret, together with rose-coloured spoonbills, also appeared on the banks. The junction of the Red and Black rivers was rather curious, for they literally were of the colours their names indicated; black and red eddies forcing their way through each other alternately, retaining their colours unchanged. The Red River is the highway to Texas,

some sixty miles above its union with the Mississippi by an enormous raft of cedar, which, having drifted down the river for centuries, lies in masses of huge trees, one over another, and extends for many miles: the timber thus soaked is very valuable. They are desirous to remove it, and skilful engineers have been consulted as to the best manner of doing so. Our navigation was not easy, on account of the flood; and the pilot ran us into the forest, where, some of the machinery breaking, we were obliged to halt twenty-four hours to repair it.

When performing my toilet next morning, I found a man at work with my comb, which I had laid down for a moment: I asked him why he made use of it, as he had one of his own, which I had seen him use. "I wanted to try it," said he, "for I guess it looked almighty handsome!" His own was a pocket arrangement, consisting of a looking-glass, comb, and brush,—*multum in parvo*, the whole contained in a case about the size of a large plum.

The men of the United States have been greatly censured, and justly, for their abominable practice of spitting: but it is also to be encountered, to a very great extent, in the steamers down the Danube, and in most parts of Austria, and on the Rhine; and the Americans complain, with some justice, that the English traveller,

order of persons with whom he is unaccustomed to associate at home, has mistaken too frequently the manners of *a class* for that of the nation.*

That good manners do exist in America, there can be no doubt; but they are rather to be met with in the retirement of private life than amid the bustling scenes of commercial activity. When thrown into collision with manners which are extraordinary and uncouth, there is nothing for it but to take all with good humour. With that determination we had started, and we found amusement instead of annoyance in every strange associate; and the *incroyable* "lengths" to which they will proceed, the following anecdote proves.

I had heard that a brother officer of mine (than whom no one was fonder of a joke), whose dimensions were some nine and a half inches above the "average height of man," had actually been *measured* by a Yankee. I wrote to inquire the truth, and received the following, which I give *verbatim*:—

"The story you want is as follows:—Scene, Lockport. I was standing, as most Englishmen do, with my back to the stove, one cruel cold morning in October. I observed a Yankee eyeing me from head to foot, which he continued to

* What Miss Edgeworth justly calls "the common error of travellers, the deducing general conclusions from a few particular cases, or arguing from exceptions as if they were rules."

do for some minutes, without having come, as I could see, to any satisfactory conclusion. At length he got up from his seat, pulled a two-foot rule out of his pocket, and proceeded to measure me. When he had done, he looked me in the face.

“‘I guess, mister, you’re just six feet five and a half?’

“‘I kept my temper, but remarked he was a d——d cool fellow.

“‘And pray, Mr. Britisher, what is the meaning of cool?’

“‘I was done, and burst out laughing.”

CHAPTER XI.

A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

Slave Chase—Departure for the Prairies—Advantages of a Corduroy Road—Woodpeckers—How Alligators like “Chicken-fixens,” and how we had to put up with “Common Doings”—An Indian Hanging—’Possuming—Atchafalaya—Mississippi—New Orleans—Battle-ground—St. Rosa Sound—Independent Post—Railway Improvements.

It was Sunday when we reached Alexandria. All the shops were open. An attempt had been made to establish a church; but the inhabitants broke the windows and drove the clergyman out of the place. In the evening a number of men turned out to chase an unfortunate slave, who was sus-

pected of having stolen a horse. They fired several shots at him, and at last he was knocked down by a blow from the butt-end of a rifle. We saw him dragged off, probably to endure some greater cruelty. The inhabitants of Alexandria are chiefly gamblers or cunning speculators, a nest of incarnate devils, who live by cheating the latest comers, and, when possible, each other.

The ruffians who composed the invading army to Texas were at this time passing up the Red River. Sundry hints were given to us that the reality of our being British officers travelling for amusement was questioned, and that we were suspected of being spies. In consequence; we abandoned a hunting expedition already planned, took the hint, and prepared to cross the prairies of Louisiana towards New Orleans. Two wretched horses and a mule made their appearance for the journey. As for saddles, they were fac-similes of those upon which Hogarth has represented Sir Hudibras, or that which the brazen statue of his majesty George III. bestrides at the end of Pall Mall; and the whole turn-out, although not suited to a cover side in high Leicestershire, was well adapted to cross the prairies of Louisiana, so intersected with corduroy roads and swamps, that the county Longford horses, said to be web-footed, might be introduced with great advantage. Once under weigh, however, they proceeded very well, with the exception of the mule, which

kicked incessantly from the time of starting until we reached the first corduroy road, when the logs, turning round at every step, obliged him to place his fore feet so carefully, that he was effectually prevented from elevating his hinder; and his rider, taking advantage of the opportunity, gave him so sound a drubbing, that he condescended to forget his tricks, and turned out a most useful animal during the rest of the journey.

The first day's route lay through "the Bush." Large plantations of cotton were growing among dead and blanched timbers, killed by the process of "girdling," *i. e.*, cutting a deep notch round the tree, of sufficient depth to check the upward flow of the sap, when the consequent destruction of the foliage sufficiently secures the admission of light and air to the cotton, which flourishes amidst these gigantic skeletons, and they remain standing until destroyed by fire, storm, or age. Amidst these trees the hammering of the "ivory-billed" and "pilliated woodpecker," the most noble of their tribe, was incessant, and their splendid scarlet and carmine crests gleamed in the sunshine.

Wilson, writing of the former, says: "His manners have a dignity in them superior to the common herd of woodpeckers. Trees, shrubberies, orchards, rails, fence-posts, and old prostrate logs; are alike interesting to those in their humble and indefatigable search for prey; but the

royal hunter now before us scorns the humility of such situations, and seeks the most towering trees of the forests, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps, whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted or moss-hung arms midway to the skies. In these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents, he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him. We there see enormous pine-trees, with cart-loads of bark lying around their roots, and the chips of the trunk itself in such quantities as to suggest the idea that half a dozen axe-men had been at work for the whole morning. The body of the tree is also disfigured with such numerous and so large excavations, that one can hardly believe the whole to be the work of the woodpecker."

Wilson, however, takes the proper view of this most active and energetic bird, and shows that he is a preserver, and not a destroyer:—"The sound and healthy tree is the least object of his attention. The diseased, infested with insects, and hastening to putrefaction, are his favourites; there the deadly crawling enemy have formed a lodgment between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the vital part of the tree. It is the ravages of these vermin which the intelligent proprietor of

the forest deplores, as the sole perpetrators of the destruction of his timber. Would it be believed, that the larvæ of an insect, or fly, no larger than a grain of rice, should silently and in one season destroy some thousand acres of pine-trees, many of them from two to three feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty in height?"

We halted for the night at a wretched shanty, on one of the great Bayous. The people had the ague, and their whole conversation was about the quantity of hog's flesh that they (the American settlers) gave their *Nègres*—to the disparagement of those fed by the French part of the population, who were not either so fat, or so sleek, in consequence of not being treated with corresponding luxury. They apologized for giving us a bad supper, as an alligator had that morning carried off the last of their pigs: we were, therefore, obliged to content ourselves with "common doings," instead of "chicken fixens,"—the southern mode of expressing the difference between an *en famille* manner of feeding and the preparation for a guest.

There was but one bed in the house, and upon it we all three stretched ourselves to enjoy as much sleep as is to be obtained where flats and sharps abound. Unluckily for the one who took up his berth in the middle, his legs were encased in a pair of tartan trousers, a perfect flea-trap, and a fine cover for the whole of the biting tribe.

But we had no cause to exult in their choice, for the unfortunate's maledictions and scratching lasted until daylight reminded us that it was time to get under weigh.

Americans have no objections to sleeping in a plural number—a habit so repugnant to an Englishman's ideas;* and, unless a very sharp look-out is kept, and the door locked, the waiters will, to a certainty, show a bed-fellow to your room, should the house be full; and Jonathan, dreadfully disgusted, goes off, swearing at the "Britisher's" pride. Even in our own provinces the same annoyance occurs. Once, when driving my sleigh on a journey through one of them, I had halted for the night, and fearing, from the number of people and the scarcity of beds, that some attempt might be made upon mine, I took the precaution to have my bed made on the floor with my buffalo-skins. It had not long been completed, however, before I heard a fellow contemplating the snugness of its appearance, and with the greatest *sang froid* thus soliloquizing: "I guess I'll turn in with that chap; that bed looks awful comfortable." I soon undeceived him in his pleasant anticipation, on which he called out to a friend in an adjoining closet,

* Ever since the days of Tony Lumpkin, who discovered to the world and his companions that the only spare bed at the "Pigeons" was "taken up by three lodgers already."

“Well, then, I guess I’ll turn in to you; we’ve often slept together before.”

During the greater part of the following day, our road lay through forests of magnolia in full flower, with underbrush of roses. The perfume was overpowering, but occasionally relieved by passing over sandy hillocks, covered with pitch-pine, emitting an aromatic fragrance in agreeable contrast with the sickliness of the magnolia. More than once a red deer started across our path, followed by a Cherokee Indian, upon the hunting-grounds of which tribe we then were. We stopped to talk to one, a magnificent fellow, dressed in a hunting-shirt, embroidered with porcupine quills, and scarlet leggings. He was one of the last of his tribe, he and a few others being the sole remnant of what had once been a mighty nation.

The following account of “an Indian hanging” appeared in a newspaper:—“The first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under Cherokee laws, and by a Cherokee sheriff, was a man named Nat, who was hanged several years ago, about five miles from Van Buren, Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian, who was called Musquito. The sheriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the Court Lodge; but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short for his accommodation, and some other place had to be sought for the execution.

“The whole band of Indians, with the sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and, after a little time, a tall cotton-wood was found, with a projecting branch far up the trunk, that, in the opinion of all, was suitable for the purpose. Nat, now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do, carefully watched by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure, then came to the shore, donned his blanket, and stood ready for the last act of the drama. The sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of the law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the sheriff to work himself as far out upon it from the trunk as he could, which was done; when the sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the sheriff and the Indian. When all the arrangements were completed, the sheriff told Nat that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and make a signal when he, the prisoner, must jump off the limb,

to which Nat cheerfully assented. The sheriff reached the ground, and, looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, he shouted, 'Now, Nat, you red devil, jump!' And jump Nat did; and, after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind."

By degrees, the glades opened into vistas; and at last we *debouched* completely on to the prairies, which stretched away to the Gulf of Mexico. The view was most striking. The mid-day sun shone upon the grass, agitated by the wind, which gave it the appearance of a vast ocean, bounded only by the horizon. A track along the prairie, made by the herds of oxen driven to the New Orleans market, was the only indication of a road; other tracks, crossing at intervals, perplexed and rendered us often uncertain of our path. The shepherds, who are mounted, carry long sticks, retain traces of Spanish blood, and form a picturesque addition to the scene. They are like the *pastores*, who drive cattle over the Campagna di Roma.

At Opelusas we gave up our brutes to a sort of postmaster, and, in a cariole, made an expedition to the Bayou Teche, in search of a steamer to New Orleans. We found one with all her machinery out of order, and that line being

abandoned in consequence, we were obliged to go on to Fayetteville in the cariole across the prairies, but along a more beaten track than hitherto passed over. When driving rapidly down a dry water-course, we came suddenly upon an opossum, and surprised him before he had time to get out of our way: he instantly shammed dead; and although he was chucked into the cariole *sans cérémonie*, neither the jerk, the motion of the vehicle (which when passing over corduroy is indescribable), nor any hints or persuasions we could add, induced him to show any symptoms of life. After dusk, the navigation of the prairies became difficult, and various will-o'-the-wisps acted, as perplexing beacons.

The next day, owing to the stupidity of our guide, and after crossing prairies, thick woods, not to mention rivers and lakes, we were too late for the only steamer descending the Bayou Atchafalaya. As this boat conveyed cattle to the New Orleans market once a week, we had no remedy but to put up at a log hut on the Bayou, where, after much bargaining and persuasion, we at last succeeded in inducing a negro to take us down in his canoe. The rest of the evening was employed in making paddles. At night, a terrific thunderstorm came on, and, owing to the construction of the hut—each large log crossing at the corners,—the spaces between were as great as the logs themselves; so that we had a most airy

domicile. The lightning was the most vivid I ever saw; and, when lying in bed, we saw, for many seconds, quite distinctly, every object in the hut.

By means of the negro and our own exertions, we reached the landing-place, a distance of sixty miles. The Atchafalaya resembled the Red River, and is, in fact, an overflow from it. Alligators, and alligator gars—a repulsive-looking fish, with a head in form between that of a pike and an alligator, and having a body ten or twelve feet long—were in vast numbers. Their horrid, nauseous, slimy-looking heads and backs were perceptible above the water, but slowly disappeared on our approach. The flood from the Red River was so strong, that, for the greater part of the way, all trace of the legitimate course of the stream was obliterated, and the wall of trees on either side, festooned by creepers of most brilliant hues, alone marked the original river through which we paddled, greatly excited by the tropical nature of the scene.

At length we came
Where the great river, amid shoals and banks,
And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,
Through many a branching channel, wide and full,
Rushed to the main.

By night, we had reached the landing-place, and got excellent coffee at a French settlement below Baton Rouge, and about one hundred miles

above New Orleans. We waited for a steamer to descend the Mississippi: there were plenty of opportunities for billiard-players, every second house containing a table. A mammoth steamer, towards evening, came groaning and puffing down the river, so loaded with bales of cotton to the water's edge, that nothing but her chimneys could be discerned; she looked at a distance like a monster snail. The number of bales they carry is almost incredible, and the passages to the cabins are left like steps in the packing of the bales. The clearances on both sides became more extensive, and occurred oftener. Sugar plantations appeared, and the live-oak, the timber of which is so heavy that it sinks in the water. The American men-of-war are built with it, and so sensible are they of its value, that they make large plantations of it. As we arrived at New Orleans, we saw several steamers filled with adventurers, who were going up the Red River to join the expedition against Texas. Like the Rhine in Holland, the Mississippi is dammed up, above the level of the city, upon which we looked down from our steamer.

It is, perhaps, the most demoralized place in the world; there are whole streets of houses of more than doubtful reputation, alternating with hells and billiard-rooms. They are open to the street, a crimson curtain being the only separation from it: nymphs lie upon sofas much in the

undress in which Canova has represented Pauline Borghese. The Quadroon women are exceedingly beautiful, with well-formed hands and feet, and exquisite figures. The French print of "Esmeralda giving water to Quasimodo" affords a better idea of a beautiful Quadroon than anything I know.

The eating at the best hotels, and the venison in particular (with which they eat preserved cranberries), is excellent. At the *table-d'hôte*, on the ringing of a small bell, a crowd of negroes rush in and sweep everything off the table, and on a repetition of it a second course appears quite as quickly as the first disappeared. It was September when we were there, and the heat was tremendous. The yellow fever raged; we took advice, and went every evening before sun-down by the railway to sleep at an hotel on Lake Pont Chartrain. Our evening's amusement was generally strolling into the negro balls. The pictures of Black Life in Philadelphia admirably portray the scenes we saw. "Bruder Brutus's" lub, whose heart is made to "tump about" by "the elligum Venus in the trowsers,"—such trowsers, too—sorts of fringy arrangements like pillow-cases fastened on below their knees, and called "Pantinetts;" further, "Philip Augustus" requests that his card may be left for "Miss Dinah," who is "particular engaged in washing de dishes," and the production of *black* when

flesh-coloured stockings are demanded by a sable fair, are no exaggerations.

We visited the site of the battle of New Orleans; the tree (an ilex) is still standing, near which Pakenham was killed, and part of the ditch dug by the Americans remains undisturbed. The ramparts, during the action, were made with bales of cotton, materials perfectly bullet-proof; from behind these the Kentucky riflemen, four deep, took deliberate aim—the best shots firing, the remainder loading and passing up the rifles. Almost every shot told. The English failed in gaining the day for two reasons. First, instead of rushing at once upon the enemy, who were not in any force, and marching directly into New Orleans, they delayed and allowed them time to form in the above manner, giving time also for a number of Kentucky riflemen to assemble for their support. Secondly, instead of attacking with regiments fresh from the Peninsula, inexperienced troops led the van. The 85th succeeded on the right bank of the river in gallant style; but the principal attack, which this flank movement was intended to support, had, from being premature, already miscarried. An officer of a light division regiment was so enraged at being only an idle spectator of the engagement, that he ran at the ditch, sword in hand, jumped over it, and, amidst a shower of balls, cut a Yankee down, and returned unscathed to his comrades.

The society of New Orleans is composed of two rival factions,—the French and the American. They expected what they termed a “bloody season.” The ball-room is the arena chosen for catching their enemies, when with “an Arkansas toothpick” or a “bowie-knife” they pay off old scores.

It was night when we embarked in a steamer to cross Lake Pont Chartrain, and by the next morning passed through the Rigoletts, a set of lagunes in which the land is gradually growing up from the bottom, and pushing out annually into the Gulf of Mexico. The whole of the delta of the Mississippi, an immense tract of fifty or sixty miles, has evidently been so formed. We passed an American fort before entering Lake Borgne, built on the mud, in a “prairie” of bulrushes, extending in all directions as far as the eye could reach; a dreadful quarter to be doomed to, the abode of countless alligators and loathsome reptiles of all sorts, to say nothing of the myriads of mosquitoes, which literally darkened the air: they were, together with cockroaches, on board our steamer, in hundreds, and swarmed in the berths. The only chance of obtaining anything like quiet was by means of a cigar, which for the time drove them off. It was through this amphibious country that our troops passed in boats to attack New Orleans.

A sea-breeze next morning drove off the mos.

quitos ; for many hours the paddles of the boat stirred up the mud and left a discoloured wake behind her. We passed Dog, Cat, Rabbit, Dolphin, and countless zoologically-named islands, and entered Mobile harbour, protected by a magnificent fort. The inhabitants of Mobile are hospitable and much to be liked. "The Southern" enjoy themselves, and like to see their friends do so : they keep hounds and follow field-sports ; report adds that they will ask you a long price for a slave, though of this we had no opportunity of judging ; but, though we were unprovided with letters of introduction or of credit, one of the banking-houses discounted a bill ; and altogether much kindness was received.

From Mobile we embarked for Red Bluff, travelling thence by stage, through the night, to Pensacola, which we reached by noon next day. Once more in a steamer up Santa Rosa Sound, a long inlet of the sea, divided from the Gulf of Mexico by banks of sand as white as the driven snow—it had the oddest effect under the burning sun, for it was difficult to divest oneself of the idea of its actually being snow.

Thence we were conveyed up a creek, in a boat, to a log hut, where we found the stage ready to take us across Georgia and part of Florida ; a dreadful journey, night and day, to Augusta, in South Carolina. The road, called there a natural one, *i.e.*, when the track becomes impracticable,

we were driven round trees, and through the bush, amongst enormous pitch-pines, magnolias, bays, laurels, and all the evergreen tribe. The fare to be obtained at most of the halting-places was wretched; we seldom got "chicken fixens," and the "common doings" were opossums and squirrels, with "hog and hominy"—*Anglicè*, bacon and ham, with a very good sort of cake made of Indian corn, looking like ground rice. We constantly saw pigs and turkeys devouring snakes, which swarmed in great varieties.

On the Ocmulgee river, the stage stopped at a limestone spring of excellent water. I stayed behind the rest of the party, in order to make some little ablutions, and, when just divested of some of my habiliments, I heard a noise like the grinding of a coffee-mill, and, looking back, was startled by the sight of a huge rattlesnake. The brute was just getting up his steam for a spring, and I had only time to make a precipitate retreat, which I did in double-quick time, without stopping to think of my appearance, to the great amusement of my fellow-passengers, before whom I arrived in considerable dishabille.

Early one morning, coming to a post-office, the driver hailed the postmaster. We heard the fellow muttering in bed, without giving any signs of rising. The driver lost his patience, cursed and swore, threw the letter-bag back into the boot, and drove off. This being the only mail on the

road, and passing but once a week, the unfortunate inhabitants would be nearly a fortnight without their letters. So much for independence! We passed the Appallatachola, Ocmulgee, and other fine rivers; the tropical foliage hanging in festoons, feathered down to their margins, till met by an upright fringe of canes, springing from a golden line of sand, the whole blended by sunlight of an Indian summer, and reflected in the water in a soft and hazy mass, was inexpressibly beautiful.

After six days and nights we arrived in Augusta, where it was a considerable relief to find a railway, however slow—one hundred and twenty miles were accomplished in twenty hours. It was a single line, and, as the trains from Charleston were the favoured ones, we had either to wait at the stations until they passed, or put back to the last to allow them to pass. In parts this rail passes through extensive cypress swamps: the difficulty of taking it through them was overcome, we were told, by the engineers cutting the live trees off to a level, and laying the sleepers over them. Being dark, we were not able to see whether we were gulled; but, if so, it was not a bad idea.

My chief recollections of Charleston are confined to an auction of slaves which we witnessed. A batch of unfortunate wretches (a family) were put up to auction in the market-place, and their points

facetiously descanted upon by the auctioneer, exactly in the style of Tattersall's. They were finally "knocked down" separately to the highest bidder.

"High in the air exposed, the slave is hung,
To all the birds of heaven, their living food !
He groans not, though awaked by that fierce sun ;
New torturers live to drink their parent blood ;
He groans not, though the gorging vulture tears
The quivering fibre. Hither look, O ye
Who tore this man from peace and liberty !
Look hither, ye who weigh with politic care
The gain against the guilt ! Beyond the grave
There is another world ! . . . bear ye in mind
Ere your decree proclaims to all mankind
The gain is worth the guilt, that there the slave,
Before the Eternal, 'thunder-tongued shall plead
Against the deep damnation of your deed !'"

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XII.

A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

Avoid the Swamp—An Extra Passenger—Canvas-backed Ducks — Mint Julep — Spinning-knives — Mammoth Oysters—Military Umbrellas and Cavalry—Fine Arts —Receipt for a Fine Head of Hair—The Apollo at a Discount.

WE were recommended to go by land from Charleston to New York. The inducements were a drive through the "Dismal Swamp" and a visit to the great naval arsenal at Norfolk. But the former did not sound inviting, and, as for the latter, we were somewhat over-intimately acquainted with dockyards in general, having

mounted many guards over them in the old country. We therefore determined to give them both a wide berth, and embark direct for New York in the old *David Brown* steamboat. So high was she out of the water, and so top-heavy, that, although it was a dead calm, and the swell a mere nothing, she rolled, to all appearance, as if she would capsize. No sooner did she get under weigh than it came on to blow great guns right ahead; but the harder it blew the steadier she became.

We were three days and three nights in reaching New York. Half of the voyage was over when an unfortunate little black slave was discovered; having got on board without observation, he had hid himself a day and a night behind the boiler, but was forced from his place of refuge by hunger and the intense heat. The captain hailed a steamer returning to Charleston, and put him on board, in spite of all his tears and entreaties. We tried hard to persuade the captain to favour his escape, but without success. He said it was as much as his situation was worth to do so. The poor little wretch was therefore dragged off, to be returned to a probably cruel master.

New York has been for ever described, so has the Astor House, famous for its magnitude, *table-d'hôte*, and canvas-backed ducks.

Amongst the first questions asked by one's friends on returning to England from an American

trip are, "Have you eaten canvas-backed ducks? What are they like?" "Have you tasted mint-julep? How is it made?"

The canvas-backed duck is a variety of the pochard,* or dun bird. The peculiar flavour of the meat is to be attributed to the kind of food they find in the mud of the Potomac; for, like all the waterfowl tribe, it depends entirely on the feeding.

Mint-julep is thus concocted:—

Fresh raw mint.

Equal quantities of brandy and rum.

Sugar, with rough ice planed quite thin.

The tumbler filled up with water to the top.

It is poured backward and forward into another tumbler till the whole is churned up.

Yet, in spite of such concoctions, the total absence of malt liquor, or of any light wine, is a great nuisance. Whisky and peach-brandy are placed upon the table, and are not charged for. Wine is very dear everywhere; sixteen dollars a bottle have been paid for Madeira. The greatest part of the champagne is American cider, sent to France to be stamped and re-imported, "to gull their folks on the principle of wooden nutmegs." At the *table-d'hôte* it is ever "Broadway," "Buffalo," "dollars," and "dollars" again. The great amusement after dinner was spinning knives. The old hands knew the respective merits of each

* *Fuligula valisneria*.

knife to a turn, and made their bets accordingly. It was not always the pace "what kills;" a drop of wax or part of a raisin stuck upon the blade made them slow and sure.

We admired, as every one must, the pretty faces and figures of the New York ladies. In no part of the world are more delicately-formed features to be met with than one encounters in many parts of America. And their hair, which was tied in simple Grecian knot (the fashion of the day), added not a little to the contour of their heads. In particular districts, however, they are exceedingly fond of the gum of the spruce fir; and, as their fair proportions are rocked to and fro in their "rocking chairs," they chew the cud of "sweet and bitter fancies," giving to their pretty mouths a sort of rotatory motion. But why not?—it is the Land of Liberty! and their husbands incessantly masticate tobacco. The height of independence is that in which the young bride finds herself in a "boarding-house." She then gets rid of the responsibility of keeping house, of the chance of her "help's" borrowing her best bonnet, and the drudgery of making puddings—in many cases with her own hands. The Americans especially excel in that art. A Yankee will swear by his puddings quite as much as he will by his thunder and lightning, which he says "whips that of all other countries to immortal smash."

"For pumpkin pies,* and 'possum fat,
In us dere's no mistaking, oh!
And den I tink we beat de world,
In boiling and beefsteading, oh!"

The oysters are enormous in New York, as large as a saucer, and not to be taken in at a *coup* by all mouths.

At the theatres, they are now, thanks to Mrs. Trollope, extremely well behaved; for, if a man attempts to take off his coat, or to sit upon the edge of the boxes, turning his back to the audience, there is an immediate cry of "Trollope, Trollope, turn him out." That lady has likewise taught them to brush their hats.

But, oh! ye gods and little fishes,
What's New York without militias?

When Matthews visited the United States, he found their national guard better armed against wet weather than any European troops; but

* *How to make Pumpkin Pies.*—The pumpkin is peeled and cut in slices, then stewed for two hours over a slow fire. To two pounds of the stewed pumpkin add two quarts of milk, one pint of cream, and six eggs, with sugar, and spices to the taste. This preparation is baked in puff paste without a top crust.

Let me add one other receipt.

For Buckwheat Cakes.—Buckwheat meal two pounds, warm water three pints, salt, and a little yeast. The mixture is made over-night; the cakes are placed on a hot griddle in the morning, and baked very quick, then served up "hot and hot" for breakfast, eaten with fresh butter, and maple honey. In the event of not being able to procure maple honey, treacle will be found a good substitute.

since his time, they have become dreadfully soldier-like, and real firelocks and bayonets have been substituted for umbrellas. It is a goodly sight to see a muster on Independence day. Hundreds of companies, each in a different uniform, of every colour in the rainbow; all kinds of shakos, helmets, and caps; every sort of plumes, feathers, and tufts, of all hues and all sizes, meet the eye, flourishing in every direction, ingenuity having been stretched to the utmost to invent such an heterogeneous mass of disfigurement. Strange to say, a pump was once sufficient to embarrass this mighty armament; for years it had outmanœuvred their best generals (whose knowledge of military tactics was somewhat limited); but when the head of the column arrived at that part of the street where it was situated, it wavered and hesitated; company after company was thrown into disorder, until they were all completely routed. The ladies laughed, their lovers blushed, when one day, to the great joy of the military of New York, a new mayor ordered the old pump to be pulled down—blown up would have been a less ignoble fate for such an antagonist—and they now march past in full glory, to the tune of "Hail Columbia, happy land!" like heroes dreading nought.

I saw a regiment of cavalry at Utica dressed in orange, with primrose facings in front, as well as on the cuffs and collars. They wore a

contrivance on their heads like a watering-pot, from which sprang a cloud of ostrich feathers of divers colours; round their waist was buckled a broad buff belt, unpolluted by pipe-clay, and, therefore, another shade of yellow was added to the dress: through this was stuck the sabre, a weapon having a large hilt, not unlike the cutlass used on board ship,

With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.

Their overalls came but half-way down the leg, were of a sky-blue colour; and exceedingly long straps alone prevented their boots from falling off. The boots themselves were perfectly indescribable; blacking had never astonished them, and the rusty spurs were a happy medium between those worn by the Mamelukes and a common kitchen skewer. They rode, or rather balanced themselves, on their horses like a fork, the tip of the toe only reaching the stirrup. When the animal was in motion, they were obliged to row with their legs. I have no doubt they are the bravest of the brave; but they would make a much better appearance, fight equally well, and ride infinitely better, if they would take up their stirrups at least six holes.

We visited West Point, the Sandhurst of the United States, differing from our establishment in this, that all officers are obliged to go through,

their military education there, before they can get appointed to their regiments.

One of the boats on the so-much *bepraised* Hudson, the "Rochester," went through the water at an astonishing pace; and, during the time she ran "opposition," burnt tar-barrels. The landing and picking up, or rather chucking in, of the passengers, was performed in a moment; the small boat, getting a swing from the impetus with which the steamer was going through the water, was spun to shore; when the passengers were bundled in, "go ahead" was given, and the boat wound up and hauled alongside by a rope attached to the engine.

Although there are berths for above two hundred on board the night-boats, so numerous are the passengers, that beds are made up on a series of trays three deep, swung from the ceiling, and arranged in rows; by which means about five hundred free and enlightened citizens of the United States are enabled to snore and grunt *ensemble* in the arms of Morpheus; and their boots, ranged in like manner, cleaned and replaced without confusion.

Although we had taken berths, the atmosphere floating around so many somniferous citizens was anything but agreeable, and being much more like that distilled from mint than from eau-de-Cologne, we rolled ourselves in our coats, pitched upon a soft plank, and betook ourselves to rest on

deck, until an upward rush and the ringing of a large bell awakened us to the necessity of landing again at New York.

There was at the time an exhibition of pictures open. I was struck with some battle-pieces, masterly sketches by Colonel Trumbull—scenes in the War of Independence. There is decided talent among many of the American artists. Mr. Power, whose noble embodying of Eve is well known at Florence, has attained to wonderful eminence with the chisel; the Fisher Boy is also a *capo d'opera*. The Eve is a beautiful woman; but it is to be regretted that there is not more of the Greek and less of the Contadina in her composition. Mr. Power is a man of great talent, and his clear hazel eye indicates genius. The generality of his countrymen seldom shake off the Yankee self-complacency. On entering their studios, it is easy to detect the unmistakable innate conceit, the expressive expression which says, "I know a trick or two," and the desire to impress that they are geniuses of the first water. Even those below mediocrity invariably tell you that "*they* are self-taught," that "*they* have discovered a new method; and it is all very well to talk about Titian, Giorgione, or Rubens—*they* have made such-and-such effects by some self-acquired process."

I was once copying in a palace at Rome, in company with an American, who daily endeavoured.

to inoculate me with his manner of dead-colouring—that is, preparing his picture—a copy of Murillo's Virgin and Child. One morning he called me to his easel, saying, "Now, I guess, I'm going to give the *finish* to *my* picture." His palette was prepared with sundry transparent greens. He had worked himself into a fever, which he termed "getting the steam up." He literally took a handful of one of the tints, and, dashing it against his copy, rubbed it well in with the palm of his hand. This operation he continued repeating, rushing backward and forward to see the effect, until, at last, the perspiration streamed from every pore; wiping his hands in his hair between each heat, until the picture was finished, and his hair a fine green: yet with all this, or, rather, in spite of it, he made a good copy!

I saw him two years afterwards in Florence, with a remarkably luxuriant head of hair, no doubt the effect of maguile—a balsam as wonderful as Willis's "Myrific," or "thine incomparable oil, Macassar." His opinion of his self-taught genius had increased with his locks; for he told a Roman artist, the night before his departure from the Eternal City, that he was going to paint a picture "all the world would talk of."

I have often been amused with the remarks made by Americans on the wonders of art in the galleries of Italy. That same year I followed a party through the Vatican, one of whom exclaimed,

on being shown the Apollo, "Oh! that's it, is it? Well, I guess they do dig up an almighty lot of these things about here, to be sure!"

Steam, by sea and land, conveyed us from New York to Boston in sixteen hours. Soon after getting under weigh, we shot the terrific tide race of "Hell Gate," in the fastest steamer in the world. The actual width of the channel is but eighty yards. The navigation of Hell Gate is most difficult. "The Pot" and the "Devil's Frying-pan"—the Scylla and Charybdis of the New World—lie on either side.

The lobsters of North America are at least three times the size of those caught in our seas, and, although they abound on the New England coast, they never were found in this sound until a vessel freighted with them was wrecked in the Devil's Frying-pan, when the fish escaped and multiplied exceedingly, until again driven away by the cannonading at Long Island, in the War of Independence; or, as the Yankee would say, they all went *to pot*.

In the train from Providence to Boston sat two Yankees. A phrenological discussion commenced, by one requesting to be allowed to feel the other's cranium, to which he politely consented. Having undergone the examination, he was much astonished by his *vis-à-vis* exclaiming, "Sir, I guess I'm a phrenologist; I charge *one dollar*."

There's a man cheats a cock of his crowing,
 And he does it so shrill and so prime,
 That the sun was observed to be glowing
 Full two hours before its right time.

Now I think I've described Yankee wonders,
 And my statement I never will change;
 You no doubt will think them all blunders,
 But you'll own they are "tarnation strange."
 Oh, yes, &c.

In due time we reached St. John, and found all hands busily engaged in rigging out sleighs and preparing for the winter.

Having obtained twelve months' leave of absence, I did not wish to leave the continent without visiting Lower Canada, little imagining at the time that in a few months, thanks to Mr. Papi-neau, I should rejoin. With regret I took leave of my friends in New Brunswick, and a free and independent forest life in the healthiest climate on the face of the globe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ATLANTIC RECROSSED—A WINTER'S PASSAGE.

Outbreak in Canada—Departure from Liverpool to join the Army—Bad Weather—Good Living—Thunder and Lightning—Lobsters out of their Element—Difficulty of Steering the *Samuel Walker*—Liberality of American Custom Houses—Harassing Journey.

IN consequence of the outbreak in Canada, all officers on leave of absence were ordered to join

their regiments in the North American colonies. In three or four days I accordingly found myself at Liverpool, and on board a magnificent liner of nine hundred tons, bound for New York. With the exception of one American, twelve or fourteen officers were the only passengers; no one attempting to cross the Atlantic in the winter months—unless, as in our case, “in duty bound.”

The *St. Andrew* went boldly on her course for four or five days, and the studding sails “low and aloft” were filled by a perfect sailing breeze right aft; but certain signs familiar to the nautical world soon convinced us of the truth of the old saying,

“Mackerel skies and mares’ tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.”

It blew an uninterrupted hurricane for thirty-three days, during most of which time we were “lying-to,” without a stitch of canvas set; a bit of tarpaulin threaded through the mizen-rigging sufficed to steer her; but the *St. Andrew* was a noble vessel, and her captain a fine fellow, and the sailor’s dread—a *lee-shore*—was not thought of in the midst of the Atlantic, where drifting a few hundred miles more or less to leeward is but a trifle, the only danger being lest the wind should suddenly lull, when, unless she can “make sail,” the vessel loses steerage-way, and falls off into the trough of the sea. A huge

wave will there sometimes run up the side, balancing itself, as it were, in the air, curl over its great crest, breaking and falling upon deck, shake the ship to her very keelson. A few such, following in quick succession, must swamp her. 3

We passed a Frenchman in great distress. She had been "pooped" when scudding, and a sea had carried away the whole of her stern. Over the wreck they were nailing canvas; but the sea ran so high that we dared not go near. What made it the more distressing was to learn from the signals she made that the whole of one watch had been washed overboard.

During the continuance of the gale, partial lulls were succeeded by the most tremendous hail-squalls, the wind suddenly, and generally four or five times in the twenty-four hours, shifting right round; and our nightly course was frequently illuminated by what are called "Jack o' Lanterns," haloes of light like balls of fire, round the top of the masts and on the extremities of the yard-arms. The effect of the angry monsters of waves, temporarily beat down by the violence of the hail to comparative smoothness, ever and anon lighted up by these meteors as well as by vivid flashes of lightning, was awfully sublime. On one occasion a sea struck the vessel a little abaft the bows, clearing away boats, bulwarks, hurricane-house and all, flush with the deck, and knocking over the men at the wheel.

The captain told me his caboose, cook, and dinner, had once been all carried overboard, but that the return sea washed them back: such was his story—I did not see it.

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

He also added that, when in the same ship, she had been struck by lightning, which, entering the pantry, ran along a line of teacups hanging on hooks, breaking all the handles, so that the whole line of cups fell simultaneously, to the astonishment of the steward; passing on, it ran down one of the tables laid for dinner, breaking the decanters and glasses (so much for glass being a non-conductor), and finally passed out by one of the after port-holes, doing no mischief to anything else! *

American skippers place the greatest possible reliance on the barometer, and observe it constantly; one day I was going up the companion-ladder with ours—it was a dead calm at the time—*en passant* he glanced at the glass, rushed by me, turned up all hands to shorten sail, and

* Another of our skipper's stories was the finding a vessel yawning about in a most fearful way, steering wild. He at first determined to give her a wide berth, but afterwards thought he would inquire the longitude. He therefore hailed her. "What ship is that?"—"The *Samuel Walker*." "Where are you from?"—"From *Boston down east*." "Who commands her?"—"Why, I undertook her, but I swear she is too much for me."

before they could furl half of them, a violent squall came on, which increased to a gale before half an hour.

The living on board these packets is perfect; and though the passage proved much longer, and the number of passengers greater than calculated upon, still we had everything equally good to the end of the voyage. Champagne, burgundy, porter, soda, selzer-water, sardines in oil, and no end of luxuries; and the old cow did her duty to the end of the voyage.

We could not, however, enjoy these good things in peace—the dead-lights were generally in—a leg of mutton would occasionally take a short cut into the nearest cabin, and so hard did it blow, and so much was the old vessel out of the perpendicular, that many passengers were afraid to leave their berths for days, taking what rest they could by placing their feet in a “*slantingdicular*” position against the top of their berths. Nevertheless, they contrived to stow away a certain quantity of nautical food called *lobscouse*, an excellent conglomeration of the fag-ends of ham and smashed potatoes, capable of being conveniently conveyed to the mouth with a spoon.

It happened one evening that the conversation turned upon the best thing to be done in case of a man's falling overboard. All the party had witnessed such accidents; each had seen a different remedy tried: life-buoys were descanted

upon, and every sort of patent anti-drowning contrivance discussed; but, as usual, no two agreed. •It was like Mr. Merriman's wonderful "amphibious sea-cow," which could not live on the land, and died in the water; "measured twenty feet from head to tail, and only seventeen from tail to head; and, further, had two hundred and forty-four spots upon the body, no *two* alike, but every *one* different." On one point only did all agree, which was, how rarely a man is ever saved. The captain gave it as his opinion that the only chance in such a case, if by day, was for some person immediately to run up the nearest shrouds, and never to take his eye off the man; for, long before a large ship can be brought to wind, or a boat lowered, especially if it is blowing fresh, an incredibly large space is left between the victim and the vessel.

With the captain's words ringing in our ears, we betook ourselves to our several berths; and curious enough it was that, when in the act of extending my legs next morning to an angle of nearly 45°, in order to get a hitch and a purchase against the side of my cabin, to steady myself before beginning the operation of shaving, and just as I had incited some of Mr. Smith's best "Naples soap" to a lather, and dipped my razor into a sort of tin contrivance filled with parboiled bilgewater, I heard a row on deck, men running aft. I rushed up, and found that the helm was "hard

a-lee," all the sails flapping, a heavy sea running, the captain in the mizen-top, and "a man over-board." I ran up the shrouds to join the captain, who, after great difficulty, pointed out to me a black point occasionally visible upon the side of a huge wave. This object was in quite an opposite direction from that in which a landsman would have looked, and it would have puzzled even a seaman to indicate where had been the wake of the vessel, or, rather, the course she had been on. After half an hour or forty minutes of great anxiety on the part of all, the man was got on board a boat, which had been lowered and despatched after him.

According to his account, he had been washing in the fore-chains, under the bowsprit, and was clad merely in a pair of light duck trousers: his being thus unencumbered was in his favour. On coming to the top of the water, and looking about him, he soon discovered, by the alteration in the course of the vessel, that he was missed, and being an excellent swimmer (which was proved by his having deserted from an American ship of war, by swimming three miles ashore by night), he maintained an upright position, and, from the buoyancy of the water, and the great size of the seas, was able to do so with little or no exertion. He was a fine muscular fellow—I never saw such a chest—tattooed all over. He ran up the side of the vessel, turned a summersault upon the

deck, and disappeared to his berth. A glass of grog was administered, and he was none the worse.

On the subject of buoys, and the few lives saved by their means, I recollect, coming home in a line-of-battle ship from Gibraltar, when sitting at supper, or rather tea, one fine but dark night, an accident which occurred. There was but little sea, the ship was slipping through the water at the rate of ten knots, under a crowd of canvas, when we were startled by the lieutenant of the watch rushing into the gun-room, exclaiming, "A man overboard!" Without arresting his progress, he made straight for the stern windows, below which were suspended the life-buoys; attached to each were a couple of strings, with the notice "Fire"—"Let go," over either. Unfortunately, the old adage proved in this instance too true—"the more haste, the worse speed;" for, instead of pulling that string which would have fired the amphibious conveyance, and letting it fall, he seized the rope of "Let go." The life-buoy fell unlit. In this case, however, the lieutenant's mistake signified not; for the poor fellow missing was supposed to have struck against the catheads in his fall, owing to the bellying out of the sail, and in all probability was killed even before his body could have reached the water. The ship put about, however; boats were lowered; a search made; even the life-buoy

was not found; and after an hour or so the ship resumed her course.

But to return to the *St. Andrew*; at length we encountered a short and pitching sea, caused by the wind's being in an adverse direction to the Gulf Stream, when, a bucket being lowered and hauled up full of hot water, the skipper was confirmed in his idea that we had entered that great flood of hot water, which, taking its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, affects the Atlantic so far north as Newfoundland. From thence a fair wind filled the sails of the *St. Andrew*, until the sight of the high lands of "Neversink" obliged the old ship to alter her course, as the wind headed us. Being anxious to land, we were glad to get into a pilot-boat, a regular "clipper," and "beat up" almost in the wind's eye, among masses of floating ice in "The Narrows," to New York, where we arrived after a passage of sixty-five days, the second best amongst sixteen other liners which had left Europe at the same time.

Thanks to the liberality of the United States government, the douaniers had orders to pass all officers' baggage free who were proceeding to Canada, and we landed accordingly without that vesalious ordeal—a custom-house examination. The disagreeables of such a voyage as we had experienced were at once forgotten in the luxuries of a warm bath at the Astor House.

The system of custom-house inspection, either

when entering a foreign country or in passing a frontier, usually tends much to annoy the traveller. No nation is so liberal on this head as the United States—none so detestably troublesome as our own. From the Rhine it is possible to enter Holland without having one's baggage overhauled, also to pass into Austria, though they may be rather more strict. In Bavaria, a gulden has the same effect as a few pauls in Tuscany; and a scudo discreetly administered to a laced pontifical *doganiere*, will elicit an "Ecco, ecco, signor, la sua lascia passare." I once witnessed an unfortunate *brave Belge*, who, upon landing at the Tower Stairs, gave his word that he had nothing to declare; but, unfortunately, in attempting to pass down the vessel's side, he brushed against one of the custom-house tide-waiters. Slight as was the contact, it was sufficient to cause the shilling-seeking understrapper to instigate a strict search, and what followed beats all description. Two men proceeded to pass their hands down his sleeves and pantaloons, after the manner a small boy is taught to groom a hunter's fore-legs. Lo! at every stroke a shower of cigars came forth, until, like a milked cow, his sleeves and nether garments would yield no more! They then asked if he had *now* anything to declare. Unluckily, his answer in the negative did not sufficiently convince that his Herculean calves all according with his now meagre figure,

were to obtain free entrance into her British Majesty's dominions, and his boots were pulled off amidst a fresh shower of cigars, *sacres*, and laughter. On the return of the Army of Occupation from France, all kinds of smuggling were considered fair play. An officer having filled the firelocks of his company with lace, was much annoyed at a custom-house officer requesting that he would give the word to "examine arms!"

But although it may be necessary to prevent such infringement on laws requiring duties to be paid on certain foreign luxuries, it cannot be requisite to molest officers returning from service in our colonies, as has happened to myself on arriving at Liverpool, where the incivility of the Jacks-in-office surpasses anything it has ever been my luck to encounter in any part of the world; and one in particular, who possessed but one leg legitimately his own (the other being of wood), is especially to be avoided.

After being detained for twenty-four hours in Liverpool to have our baggage overhauled, I was requested to take an oath that a London-made gun I had taken out with me was really made by Lancaster; and I was made (not in the Jeremy Diddler line certainly) to pay two and sixpence to her Majesty's customs for taking the said oath. This having happened in '39, it is to be hoped that some improvement has been made since that time.

It was with the greatest difficulty, when on a subsequent occasion I landed at Portsmouth, also from America, that I got off without paying duty for my own sketches. A couple of birch canoes, the skins and horns of moose, deer, and specimens of birds, though all prepared by myself, were charged for.

From New York a steamer conveyed us to Sing-Sing, the locale of the famous prisons; above it the Hudson was frozen; we were, therefore, obliged to commit ourselves to the regular stage. Posting exists not in the United States, but they put on extra stages, *i. e.*, coaches to accommodate passengers, and there is, therefore, no danger of being left; but the "extras" had been so much worked, owing to the number of officers at this time passing up to Canada, that the horses were completely knocked up, and the roads in an abominably amphibious state, as is always the case in early spring. The mud, frozen at top, would sometimes bear the wheels, but oftener give way; and the misery of travelling day and night in such weather, when thirty miles in the twenty-four hours was considered a good day's work, rendered our journey detestable. The road followed the left bank of the North river and the shores of Lake Champlain. As we approached the frontier, we found every village inn filled with "patriots" and "sympathizers," who took the opportunity afforded, by being in the United States to insult

us in every possible way; and it was, therefore, with no slight satisfaction that we reached the first British outpost. That evening I came up with my regiment, which formed part of the army on the Richelieu.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOWER AND UPPER CANADA.

Arrival in Lower Canada—Sleighing—"Cahots"—Breaking up of the Ice—La Prairie—Montreal—Niagara—The Falls in Winter—Clothing—Mammoth Icicle—Governor's Feed—The Lady from Troy—Hanging Benito Santo.

ONE of the first things which struck me, on my arrival in Lower Canada in the winter, was the bad exchange made from New Brunswick as a quarter; and I may safely add that it is far inferior in every respect. The sleighing is vile—that greatest of all possible resources cannot be enjoyed in comfort in Canada. This only pastime in the long months of the North American winter in New Brunswick was perfect, "high runners" and a smooth beaten track forming together the *beau idéal* "of locomotion." In Lower Canada, on the contrary, it is the most detestable on account of the "*cahots*," which are formed by the peculiar construction of their "*carioles*." These are made with excessively low runners; the

shafts are fastened on to the body of the cariole, having a board in front with a slant of 45° . As the vehicle is dragged through the fresh snow, this snow is checked by the board in front, and accumulates until the heap is so great that the sleigh gives a kick and gets rid of the encumbrance; and so on at regular intervals, forming heaps of snow along the road like the waves of the sea. Other sleighs follow, and fresh falls of snow soon cause the "cahots" to be scraped into mounds of three or four feet in height, so that the motion caused in passing over them can literally be compared only to the pitching of a boat in a storm. One writer has well named them "*Les ondes glacées*!" Nothing can be conceived more disagreeable. The fault lies entirely with the peasantry, who are so bigoted to old habits and customs, that, disdaining all innovations, they will have their "low runners" and their "cahots."

On the frost breaking up, we moved to La Prairie, which is on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, in time to witness the breaking up of the ice, an event watched with great interest by the Canadians. Cannons are fired to assist its dispersion. Should a jam take place, it piles up in masses, and causes tremendous destruction. A comparatively small piece, checked in its downward career, is liable to stop this frozen flood for miles, which then soon collects, block upon block, until it overwhelms whole

villages, and leaves everything within its reach an utter wreck. So variable is the climate in these regions, that no sooner was the river clear of ice than vegetation commenced ; and a fortnight sufficed to change the iron face of winter to vernal spring. And it was an agreeable sight; as the setting sun would throw long shadows over the mighty flood, so lately an absolute sea of ice, to behold the town of Montreal, with its tin roofs and spires, backed by the purple Mount Royal, reflected in the broad St. Lawrence.

In passing from La Prairie to Montreal, the steamer descends the Rapids at such a terrific rate, that it requires six men to steer her ; an iron tiller is obliged to be employed, as she would not answer her helm quick enough if steered by a wheel. Our baggage having arrived from New Brunswick, we were obliged to throw aside our fur caps, blanket coats, and rugs, to find but a bad exchange for our free life on the Richelieu in the pipe-clay and garrison duty of Montreal.

Then the parade, or guard, or smart review,
The flowing banner, martial music's strain,
The General deck'd in scarlet's brightest hue,
With prancing staff, and beauty in his train.

At six o'clock in the morning, at least two miles out of the town of Montreal, and in the midst of as much fuss as is generally displayed on an ill-managed garrison field-day, we received an order to march in two hours for Upper Canada,

to prevent the self-styled "patriots" from crossing the Niagara. We had neither breakfast nor baggage, and were consequently without encumbrance. As the clock struck eight, the right wing moved off, and by nine was packed in boats on the canal cut to avoid the Rapids of Lachine—between the Lake St. Francis and Montreal—when we were transferred to steamboats, and ascended the Ottawa, landed and crossed a portage of some twelve miles, to overcome the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, which roared on our left during our midnight march. Towards morning, wet through and beat, we were again sent on board steamers, and by noon the following day were landed, jaded, fagged, and without food, at Cornwall, when a halt showed sufficiently the absurdity of our hurried march, which had been performed in strict conformity with the command received, viz., "light marching order," no food having been supplied by the quartermaster-general's department, so there was no exertion required on the part of the men to carry it; who, poor devils, indulged at night with what they good-humouredly termed a soldier's supper, viz., "some wind and a pipe of tobacco;" and, when it is taken into consideration that they found the tobacco themselves, it is easy to ascertain the exact amount of the consideration of the quartermaster-general's department.

From Cornwall we again marched to avoid the

Rapids, among which was to be discerned the terrific "Long Sault," one of the grandest scenes on this magnificent river, at the moment a fleet of *bateaux* were shooting the Rapid. Any description of the sea-green river, the broken and foaming tide, the skill of the *voyageurs* when entangled in such a Rapid, or of the scene itself, is beyond my powers. The ever-varying scenery of the Thousand Islands was passed, and we were put up in the fort overlooking the town and harbour of Kingston, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, and at the head of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. After a couple of days' rest, we were ordered on board a large steamer, where we found the governor of the province and a field-battery, and immediately got under weigh for the Niagara.

The next evening we were under canvas on the plateau in front of the village of Niagara. Nothing could be more lovely than the accidental *locale* of our encampment; on the right flowed the river, sea-green till it mixed its waters with those of the deep-blue Ontario, which, calm as molten silver, lay before us. A glorious sunset contrasted the golden-tinted green of the hickory with our gay encampment. An invitation to a dinner and a dance soon arrived; the band played, while cool claret and bright eyes of the Niagara fair obliterated all remembrance of the delicate attentions of her Majesty's quartermaster-general's department in North America.

At sunrise we again embarked for the heights of Queen's-town, half the distance to the Falls (our destination), where, disembarking, we found the march to Drummondville awfully fagging. The sun was burning; the thermometer stood at 96°; the glazed patent leather tops of the men's shakoes concentrated the rays of the mid-day sun, and many poor fellows fell as if they had been shot.

A long streak or column of spray soon became visible above the lofty forest, and a low murmur announced the Falls of Niagara. These signs of our approach to the mighty cataract had an instantaneous effect on the spirits of our men, who forgot all their sufferings, and passed on their way cheerfully. In a quarter of an hour the divisions wheeled into line, and marched straight down upon the table-land above the Falls. The thickness of the foliage at first intercepted our view; but no sooner had the arms been piled and the order given to "fall out," than the men broke *en masse*, and rushed to the edge of the precipice.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the *coup d'œil* presented by our encampment. The situation was perfect. The tents of the men were pitched with scrupulous exactness, in regular order, upon a green plateau, at an altitude of some 130 feet above the level of the "Falls." A snow-white column of companies extended along the whole length of the field, while, to the rear, the

tents of the non-commissioned officers, band, and married soldiers, were scattered upon ground slightly elevated, and backed by darkling groves. In the centre of the plateau stood one solitary magnificent butternut-tree, the leafy branches of which lifted a canopy high over the sward. Under this the band played every evening, to the amusement of countless visitors, who came for the double purpose of visiting our encampment and beholding the grandest of all stupendous sights.

On the edge of the precipice which overhung the Falls, magnificently clothed by hickory and pine, in quiet nooks and corners, the officers' tents nestled, peeping up here and there from the aforesaid fringe of forest, which formed the limit of the turf. The many-coloured stripes of canvas, in bas-relief, presented an unrivalled foreground. My tent was perched upon a small isolated green mound, scarcely larger than the circumference of the tent itself—upon a sort of step, a little lower than the plateau above. From it I looked, through a labyrinth of acacia and hickory, upon the cataract itself, as it poured its overflowing emerald flood into the abyss beneath. But the influence of the spray often had its effect upon our "tent-lines;" and it required no little attention to keep our canvas standing. It is a certain sign of there being an old soldier in a tent, when (on the elements threatening a downpour) a man is seen to debouch from the cover of his tent to *stack off*

the ropes, a dodge which the young soldier never learns until taught by experience. Unless it be done, the rain tightens the ropes so much that the pegs are dragged out of the ground; and the occupants are awakened by finding the canvas about their ears!

Probably most visitors to the "eternal city" will remember the obelisk in front of Michael Angelo's wonderful Basilica, and with the Egyptian monument will associate the story of the English sailor, who, on a demur arising in getting it up, called out before the assembled multitude, "Wet the ropes," a hint immediately complied with, and the mass of porphyry was raised without further difficulty on the back of the four tortoises, its destined pedestal.

But, as everything in this life must have its dark side, ups and downs, and reverses, so our beautiful encampment, which in the morning appeared swan-like and resplendent in the sunshine, whilst flitting rainbows danced amidst the evanescent spray, was one night visited by one of those sudden whirlwinds which descend here, accompanied by sheets of rain and hail; it rushed down, upon the devoted encampment like an avalanche, tore up the tent-pegs, prostrated some tents, while it took others up bodily, and turned them inside out like an umbrella! The trenches round the camp were soon filled and flooded, and the unfortunate soldiers were seen

crawling about dripping wet, like a nest of rats suddenly inundated.

I have before said that to attempt a delineation of Niagara either with pen or pencil is equally hopeless. Being in camp and cantonments there for a year, we had ample opportunities of observing the Falls during every change of element and atmosphere, and we were never tired of watching the sublime variations occasioned.

Sometimes the spray would rise in a clear column, until lost in the deep blue of the heavens. Again, the whole heavens themselves would appear as if they were part and parcel of this mighty column, connected, as by a waterspout, with the very centre of the cataract. This appearance was usually the forerunner of a storm; then the waters would roar like thunder, and, when the angry tempest swept over them, the peals reverberated above, below, and through the forest. It is at such times that the column of spray may be seen at Toronto, across Lake Ontario, and from sixty to eighty miles in all directions. But to witness this glorious scene in its fullest magnificence, it must be visited towards the end of winter, when the spray, carried by the winds, has crystallized rocks, trees, and everything within its reach; when

The spreading oak, the beech and towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine;

and when huge icicles, like church steeples reversed, frozen columns, and obelisks of the height of a hundred and fifty feet, inclose the water, pouring over the centre, green as a vast emerald.

It was the duty of the orderly officer to visit every night a guard placed at the ferry below the Falls, at a short distance from them. A narrow path led down to where this guard was stationed, and it was anything but agreeable, on a dark night, to find one's way down a frozen, slippery path, beset with monster icicles, which, hanging overhead, threatened destruction at every step; most of them only awaiting a partial thaw to be disengaged and come thundering down, dashing themselves, and all within reach, to pieces.

When upon these guards, several sentinels were fired at. Little urchins, from the other side of the river, would shy an axe into a tree, and, making a rest of it, take a deliberate shot at them.

Soon after we were established at the Falls, the governor-general made his appearance, with an enormous staff. Steamers and numerous hotels were retained for extravagant sums; and a major of the United States was desired by his excellency to invite a number of the free and enlightened citizens of the United States to witness a grand review, and to partake of a magnificent dinner afterwards. It so happened that the major had originally been a tailor by trade. The consequent result from such a "high-way and by-way" col-

lection as were bidden to the feast can be more easily conceived than described.

Officers were invited, but only to fill up the intervals between a given number of guests; and, by way of completely frustrating the harmony of the evening, an equal number of loyal Canadians were invited to meet a set of men, who, to say the least, were "sympathizers" with the rebellious proceedings of the past year.

A young officer of our regiment, who had just joined from England, sat next to me; on his right sat a genuine Yankee. The boy was bashful and silent; Jonathan quite the reverse. The young ensign had no wish to enter into conversation, but his neighbour had; so he began, "Well, I guess you are a private now?" Poor B—— did not know what to say, and appealed to me. I answered, "Take no notice of him." Soon after, the down-easter dropped his pocket-handkerchief. B—— had been educated in France, and, without thinking, from an impulse of civility, unluckily picked it up, and presented it to the Yankee, whose answer was, "Well, now I guess you do take me for a woman, don't you?"

After dinner, the governor and his suite passed over to the other side in full uniform, feathers flying and swords glittering, whilst a numerous train followed, much to the amusement of the Yankees, men and boys, who came down in crowds, and got up into the trees to see "Durham."

A. DESERTER.

Apropos to desertion.—A soldier at Gibraltar once took it into his head to commit that crime, and succeeded so far as to clear the British lines, and gain those occupied by the Spanish outposts: no sooner, however, had he been taken to the guard-room, than some qualm of conscience struck him—he repented his rash step, and determined to retrace it, and, as it generally happens that a determined man succeeds in any undertaking, so ingenuity at once came to his assistance. He would persuade the Spanish soldiers on guard to show him how they performed their manual and platoon exercise, having first bribed them to do so by volunteering to go through his own: the *ruse* succeeded admirably, and no sooner did they come to “ram down cartridge,” and he heard that peculiar ring of the ramrods at the bottom of their barrels, which told him they were not charged, than he at once “bolted,” and, long before they could go through the process of biting, priming, shaking out, and ramming a cartridge down, to say nothing of the cocking of the piece and that of the eye of the marksman, he had regained his own lines. N.B.—In consequence, he was *not* brought to a court-martial.

The colonel who commanded on the frontier discovered that there were “crimps” on the other side. They were well dressed and disguised, and came over to tamper with the men. The day after Lord Durham’s review a number of visitors

came over from the opposite shore; among them one of these crimps, who, unfortunately for himself, pitched on the colonel's orderly, a Peninsula veteran, who allowed him to go on, and afterwards pointed him out to his colonel, as he was turning in to the great *table-d'hôte* at which we all dined, together with the visitors who daily came to see the lions. After dinner the colonel got up: he was a magnificent fellow, a noble figure, the hero of a hundred fights. He began with a little soft *sawder*—the Yankees were all attention: "He regretted that there should be a set of persons on the other side who tried to induce his men to desert their colours, and forfeit their honour and allegiance. There is such a man here present"—here he beckoned to his orderly to step forward; on which a man, covered with rings and chains, was observed to turn deadly pale—"who, by his appearance, ought to be above such a rascally action." Upon a "Yes, sir, that's he," from the orderly, the colonel, with Herculean strength, took hold of the fellow by the collar, and, lifting him completely off his seat, gave him a kick in that part where the smallest particle of honour, be there any, is supposed to be seated, and handed him over to a file of the guard, to see him safe to the other side of the water.

The curiosity of the various visitors to the camp was beyond belief, especially that of the fair sex;

more particularly were they excited and astonished at the sight of our kits, from which we had been separated for many months, and which, having now just arrived, were all spread out for the benefit of the broiling sun before each officer's tent. The heterogeneous mixture of scarlet hunting-coats, top-boots, leather breeches, &c., to say nothing of sundry dozens of shirts, was perfectly unaccountable to American eyes, to whom two or three of such articles constitute an enormous wardrobe. They pulled everything about in the most absurd manner, coming into our tents, and asking questions right and left, until they obtained the desired information. One young lady, more bold than the rest, asked point-blank to see all my worldly possessions. Her request was so frankly and so prettily made, that it would have been sufficiently irresistible, even had it not been backed by a remarkably handsome face and graceful form. She was a perfect child of Nature. She said, without any conventional forms, everything that came uppermost. "She hoped I would show her round the Falls." I did so. Before parting she gave me her hand, saying, "I am much obliged;" then added, "You'll not object, will you, to lend me a knife?" This seemed rather awkward; but I immediately complied. She then proceeded to cut out a heart on the bark of a tree, and within it she carved her name, "Anne." "Now, you'll put yours underneath,

won't you? And then I guess I'll wish you good morning; and if ever you pass by Albany, come and see my old ones. I live on Mount Olympus, near Troy!"

The next episode in our camp life was the condemnation of a notorious rebel to receive the last penalty of the law, and we were ordered to send a detachment to Niagara on duty. Numbers of women attended, dressed in their Sunday's best. It is an old and a true remark, that women invariably flock to an execution; and in this case many had come from long distances, and were certainly in the proportion of ten to one man. The sympathizing newspapers at Lewiston appeared the following day in *mourning*, considering him a martyr to the patriot cause; and one man was overheard to say that, "If he was president of the United States, before he'd suffer a free and enlightened American citizen to be butchered in that cold-blooded manner, he'd go to the world's end, and jump into Never!"

The last execution I had witnessed was in the year 1830, when the inebriety of the local Calcraft caused him to bungle frightfully. It was a case which occasioned great excitement at the time. Benito Soto, a notorious pirate chief, captain of a brig-of-war, *El Defensor Pedro* (which he and his companions had captured in Corunna), was discovered by the police at Gibraltar, and thrown into prison, his brig having been driven

on shore in a gale of wind off Cadiz. Those of his crew who escaped drowning were taken, tried, and hung by the Spaniards, with the exception of Soto himself, who contrived to make his escape, shaved off his beard and moustaches, and concealed himself in an obscure lodging, where he was apprehended. It was supposed that, with his vessel, he had captured upwards of thirty ships of different nations.

Appearances were against him; still it was doubtful whether there was sufficient evidence to convict. It was, however, strongly suspected that he was the man who commanded the piratical attempt to scuttle the *Morning Star*, a homeward-bound vessel, with invalid troops and their wives on board. After having committed every atrocity on the women, the piratical crew gagged the men, bored augur-holes in the ship's bottom, battened down the hatches, and left her to sink. The vessel was eventually saved by means of one of the women, who, having concealed herself and been overlooked, unfastened the hatches.

At great expense, two witnesses had been brought over from England; and I shall never forget the sensation which was created when the principal witness, the steward of the *Morning Star*, entered the court, and, confronting the prisoner, who stood with his arms folded on the dock, called his God to witness that he was, indeed, the very man he had seen on the deck of

the *Defensor Pedro*, directing the horrors above described. This testimony hung him. The only other witness, a black boy, could not, from his being a heathen, be admitted to take his oath; but he fully corroborated the steward's evidence. On sentence being passed, Benito called for a cigar, and walked quietly out of the court. At sunrise a gallows was erected over a cart at low watermark, outside the land-port guard. The troops stood under arms. A ladder with three steps was placed against the cart; up this the prisoner walked (his arms tied behind him) with the most stolid composure; the hangman adjusted a cord round his neck, which proved too short—in a word, he was drunk, as I before said. Benito muttered between his teeth, stretched out his neck, arranged himself the position of the knot, and swung himself off!

CHAPTER XV.

UPPER CANADA—THE LAKES.

American "Gunnery"—An Excursion planned—"Cutting out" of the *Caroline*—Navy Island—Detroit Landlord—Sporting Friends—Woodcocks—The St. Clair—Lake Huron—Mackinaw Indians—Chicago—The Wampum.

BEING out woodcock-shooting near the Falls, I met an American, who was the only one I had ever fallen in with, able to give any information

about "shooting." In general, they never think it worth while to throw away power and shot upon small game; Jonathan will take a raking shot at a whole bevy of quail, should they be sitting on a rail, or fire into a mass of passenger-pigeons, but never shoots flying. As Lord Byron has it,

"Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun."

This difficulty of gaining knowledge in regard to the haunts of game, &c., is most annoying to a new-comer; and be he ever so good a sportsman, with the most accurate cognisance of sport in his own country, still, as the majority of the game in America is composed of birds of passage, and, therefore, only to be found in particular seasons and places, it frequently happens that he does not discover their retreats until he is just obliged to leave the country.

In the hope of being useful to some who may feel the want of a guide, as I did, I mention the following particulars, which are the result of my own experience. Quail follow cultivation, as do all the gallinaceous tribe, and they are to be found wherever that has extended. The woodcock, at particular seasons, is also to be found in cultivated spots; but, as they remain only for a short time on their passage, in the spring and autumn, unless you know exactly where to look for them, it is often a great loss of time, and entails a hard fag. Having always in New Brunswick found them in

the alder and cedar swamps on the outskirts of the woods, I had not thought of looking for them elsewhere in Canada; but my sporting friend told me that they were to be found in great numbers at this season (the end of August and beginning of September) in the Indian corn, which affords them shelter from the mid-day sun, and in which, when planted in low land, they find at once thick cover and room underneath for boring; and, consequently, particularly suited to them. He further told me that, in the neighbourhood of Detroit, on the St. Clair river, which connects Lakes Huron and Erie, he has had excellent sport, shooting the prairie hens or pinnated grouse; and that he was sure, if I would go as far as Chicago, a town situated on the south-west shore of Lake Michigan, on the border of those great prairies extending from the lake across to the Mississippi, the sport would well repay the trouble. I mentioned what I had heard to my companion of many former excursions, who, delighted with the thoughts of it, agreed at once to make the experiment, and we soon settled to obtain a month's leave, and give the prairie a trial: the distance was some three thousand miles there and back—nothing in this “go-ahead” country.

Accordingly, we embarked at Chippeway, in a small steamer, the *Red Jacket*, to ascend the Niagara river to Buffalo, in which course we

passed Schlösser, the scene of the "cutting-out" of the *Caroline*.

It is curious how the public were gulled by prints of the *Caroline* going over the Falls in a mass of flames; every one who has seen these stupendous Rapids, into which the great body of water rushing from Lake Erie is broken up, and which alone, did the Falls not exist, would be one of the grandest sights in the world, must be aware that nothing, let it be ever so strongly built, could resist the impetuosity of this foaming flood. After the war, a huge gun-brig was launched into the stream, to see the effect of its going over; it was dashed into a thousand pieces the moment it entered these Rapids, and never was seen to go over at all: a piece or two of timber picked up in the whirlpool some three miles below the Fall being the only vestige ever found of her. So it was with the *Caroline*. She was moored with iron chains to the jetty at Schlösser: the party under the command of Captain Drew rowed across, on a dark night, in boats, just above where the Rapids commence—a most daring attempt, inasmuch as the least deviation in their course would have involved them in the stream. They arrived safe at Schlösser.

The party consisted of five boats, manned by forty-five men. The boats assembled off a point of land, and dropped down upon the stream as quietly as possible. They actually approached

within twenty yards of her, before the sentry on the gangway hailed them. Not receiving a satisfactory answer, he fired upon them—Captain Drew, with Lieutenant Cormack and party, immediately boarded the steamer. They encountered some twenty or thirty armed men on her decks, who fought bravely, but were compelled to give up their vessel. Six of the enemy were killed, and Lieutenant Cormack and Captain Warne received some severe wounds in the encounter. The gallant little party then commenced towing the *Caroline* to their own shore; but, half-way across, their strength failing, and the current hurrying them forward to the Rapids above the Falls, Captain Drew set fire to the prize and cast her off. They got back in safety; and the *Caroline*, burnt to the water's edge, was completely finished in the Rapids.

We next passed Navy Island, which M'Kenzie made his head-quarters, after the failure of his attack on Toronto; where he would in all probability have succeeded, had he not been met by the loyal inhabitants of that place within a mile of the city, and completely routed. A military force was immediately despatched from Montreal. M'Kenzie escaped with considerable difficulty to Buffalo, where he succeeded in creating a feeling in behalf of the disaffected Canadians. Many of the citizens at once undertook to supply men, arms, and all necessities

to invade the province of Upper Canada; and M'Kenzie, now in command of several hundred of these borderers and sympathizers, with an American named Van Ranseller, took possession of Navy Island, which is situated only four miles above the Falls of Niagara, and midway between the shores of Canada and the United States. The river runs past the island at the rate of some five miles an hour; and this position, naturally so strong, was rendered more defensible by felling the trees around the island, from the shore, for several yards inland.

From this stronghold they kept up a constant fire upon the line of road leading from Lake Erie to the Falls, which, without doing much mischief, caused great annoyance. Their means of communication with the American side were maintained by the steamer *Caroline*, which daily conveyed men, arms, and provisions to M'Kenzie's party. Colonel M'Nab, who commanded at Chipewewa, was therefore determined to drive the marauders from the island; and, as a preliminary measure, he ordered Captain Drew, of the Royal Navy, "to burn, sink, or destroy the *Caroline*." How that was effected I have already described; M'Kenzie and his party became, in consequence, the besieged in a fortress of their own construction; and the fires, which from necessity they were obliged to keep up, served as a mark for our artillery, until the island was made too hot

for them, and they were eventually ferried over to the United States by their sympathizing brethren.

Navy Island has become, in consequence, "classic ground;" and walking-sticks, supposed to have been cut upon the island, are as eagerly bought by the visitors to the Falls of Niagara as bullets and bits of iron are sought after by tourists on the plains of Waterloo; but, as the demand for the latter has far outrun the legitimate possibility of a supply, they are manufactured expressly. So the walking-sticks from Navy Island have been chiefly cut at the back of Mr. Starkey's shanty, at the Falls!—only four miles off, to be sure.

At Buffalo we embarked with our dogs for Detroit, on Lake Erie. After a fine passage, we landed and put up at the American Hotel, to the landlord of which my sporting acquaintance had given us a letter. They are generally the most important personages in the towns of the United States, and we found him most civil and obliging. He sent us up the river with a party of his friends, whom he called hunters, but who appeared to be a loose set of rascals, who did not know what to do with themselves, and an exact personification of the phrase—"ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter." A large boat was freighted with this society and their dogs—a horrible collection of curs; with a large supply of provisions,

champagne, gin, and brandy, with all which we could well have dispensed; but, as it was civilly intended, we were obliged to put up with it, determining to shake them off on the first opportunity.

We rowed and sailed up the St. Clair for a considerable distance, to a large island, which *they said* was famous for woodcocks, and supplied the Detroit market. We, however, beat the whole of the island without finding birds. Our men, who had started as if bent on no end of execution, with lighted cigars in their mouths, their guns at full cock, and their curs yelping and barking in a manner to disturb all the game from Detroit to Buffalo, soon gave in; and we found them on our return busy with the luncheon, and "pretty well on," as they called it—otherwise, intoxicated. They let out, under this influence, that they had been in the expedition to Point Pelée, where Captain Browne, of the 32nd, so gallantly routed the rebels, although greatly superior in numbers, and protected by huge hummocks of ice. Our friends seemed, indeed, bad enough for anything; they were a vile set; however, there was no backing out, and all we could do was to get them to land us on the right bank of the river, near some large clearings. Here they took to the brandy again, and we to beating Indian corn, where we immediately found woodcocks.

The evening was by this time closing in, but, between those found in the maize and in some patches of cover, we killed a great number. We lay down on a hard floor in a shanty, and, after picking out the softest plank, slept soundly until daybreak, when we went off again in search of woodcocks, and found them, as on the preceding evening, in the maize; as it had not arrived at its full growth, and was about breast-high, we walked through it, flushing great numbers. Three or four were constantly on the wing at the same time, enabling us to kill right and left repeatedly. Quail were also very numerous. Having shot away all our ammunition and that of our inebriated friends, who had not stirred from the shanty, we returned to them; they had never seen so many birds killed before, and, having finished all the brandy, were quite willing to return to Detroit.

After excellent cock and snipe shooting in the vicinity of Windsor, in Canada, and on the opposite side of the river, we took berths for Chicago. Some of the best boats will perform the passage thence in three days, but we got into one which had seen her best days, and was very slow. After a few hours' steaming up the St. Clair, we entered the lake of that name. The navigation of this lake is extremely dangerous, being so very shallow. Thousands of acres of bulrushes collect the mud, and the bottom of the lake grows upwards in an

extraordinary manner. The only channel was so serpentine and shallow, that the steamer could go only at half speed for the greater part of the day: the paddle-wheels stirred up the mud, and the boat, with all the precautions used, often stuck fast. The river being rapid from the upper end of St. Clair to Lake Huron, and evening coming on, the vessel was moored to a tree, and made snug for the night.

In the morning, just before entering Lake Huron, we passed Fort Gratiot and its lighthouse, on the American side. The shores of the lake are low and uninteresting, and a sort of dull, melancholy look hangs over it, very different from the gay, lively, sea-green Erie. We followed the western coast for two days, stopping once for five hours in a bay, a natural harbour, the only one in this long line of shore. We put back to it in a gale, after having left it for some hours on our course towards Mackinaw, as the old tub of a steamer, not being seaworthy, could not be trusted in such weather.

The tediousness of the voyage was much relieved by our good fortune in making the acquaintance of a Count B., a very agreeable man, on a botanical expedition, with a view of publishing: some numbers of his book, which he showed me on a later visit to New York, were well got up. Having nothing better to do, we set to work, under his direction, to collect plants

whenever we landed; a habit which we afterwards continued on the prairies.

Next evening, we reached the beautiful island of Mackinaw. An American fort, half-way up its rocky side, is a conspicuous feature in this island. I was delighted, after returning home, with Miss Martineau's beautiful mention of this island—"It is known to me as the tenderest little piece of beauty I have yet seen on God's earth."

By particular good luck, we found collected here four tribes of wild Indians, assembled to receive the presents annually distributed by the United States government. They consisted of the Ottawas, Chippewas, Seminoles, and Maiomes. The whole of the beach was covered with their wigwams, and the bay (it being night when we arrived) was brilliantly illuminated with their birch-bark torches: the effect was extremely striking.

As we remained on the island that night and part of the next day, we had time to see them well. Either the United States agents had given them brandy and other spirits, or the traders in furs had done so, for the majority were quite drunk: poor wretches! It was with a mingled feeling of disgust and pity that we saw several very finely-formed men, sitting round a large can, containing at least as much raw spirits as a stable-bucket would hold, and drinking till reason deserted

them; when, no doubt, their peltry, the hard-earned produce of the winter's trapping, was obtained from them either for the very tub of spirits we saw them engaged upon, or, at any rate, for a very inferior value. The agents of the American government deal most unfairly by the poor Indians, whom by degrees they are driving beyond the Mississippi, and whom they will, without doubt, eventually exterminate. Not so the British government, who do all they can to atone to the remnant left for the loss of their own legitimate soil. Runners from the different tribes carried the wampum, a large string of beads, to which one is added by each tribe, of a red colour, if a declaration of war be intended. It is said to be so large that it requires two Indians to carry it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WAMPUM.

“The wampum is formed of the inside of the clam-shell, a large sea-shell bearing some similitude to that of a scallop, which is found on the coasts of New England and Virginia. The shell is sent in its original rough state to England, and there cut into small pieces, exactly similar in shape and size to the modern glass bugles worn by ladies, which little bits of shell constitute wampum. There are two sorts of wampum, the

white and the purple; the latter is most esteemed by the Indians, who think a pound weight of it equally valuable with a pound of silver.* The wampum is strung upon bits of leather, and the belt is composed of ten, twelve, or more strings, according to the importance of the occasion on which it is made; sometimes also the wampum is sewed in different patterns on broad belts of leather.

“The use of wampum appears to be very general among the Indian nations, but how it became so is a question that would require discussion; for it is well known that they are a people obstinately attached to old customs, and who would not, therefore, be apt to adopt, on the grandest and most solemn occasion, the use of an article which they had never seen until brought to them by strangers. At the same time, it seems wholly impossible that they should ever have been able to make wampum from the clam-shell for themselves. They fashion the bowls of tobacco-pipes, indeed, from stone, in a very curious manner, and with astonishing accuracy, considering that they use no other instrument than an ordinary knife; but then the stone which they commonly carve thus is of a very soft kind. The clam-shell, on the other hand, is extremely hard, and, to bore and cut it into such small pieces as are necessary to form wampum, very fine tools would be wanting. Probably they

THE WAMPUM.

made use of the clam-shell, and endeavoured to reduce it to as small bits as they could with their rude instruments before we came among them ; but, on finding that we could cut it so much more neatly than they could, laid aside the wampum before in use for that of our manufacture. Mr. Carver tells us that he found 'sea-shells very generally worn by the Indians, who resided in the most interior parts of the continent, who never could have visited a sea-shore themselves, and could only have procured them at the expense of much trouble from other nations.'

"Whenever a conference, or a talk, as they term it, is about to be held with any neighbouring tribe, or whenever any treaty or national compact is about to be made, one of these belts, differing in some respect from every other that has been made before, is immediately constructed. Each person in the assembly holds it in his hand while he delivers his speech, and, when he has ended, presents it to the next person who rises ; by which ceremony each individual is reminded that it behoves him to be cautious in his discourse, as all he says will be faithfully recorded by the belt. The talk being over, the belt is deposited in the hands of the principal chief.

"On the ratification of a treaty, very broad splendid belts are reciprocally given by the contracting parties, and deposited among the other

belts belonging to the nation. At stated intervals they are all produced to the nation, and the occasions upon which they were made are mentioned. If they relate to a talk, one of the chiefs repeats the substance of what was said over them; if to a treaty, the terms of it are recapitulated. "Certain of the squaws, also, are intrusted with the belts, and it is their business to relate the history of each one of them to the younger branches of the tribe: this they do with great accuracy; and thus it is that the remembrance of every important transaction is kept up."

CHAPTER XVI.

PRAIRIES OF ILLINOIS.

The Prairies a vast Flower-garden—Strawberries—The Soil Alluvial, or wet Prairies—Dry Prairies—Of the Game—Indians—Big Thunder—The Starved Rock—Indian Mounds—Prairie Hens—Cure of Ague—Amherstburg—Wild Turkeys—The Gobblers.

BUT to return to Mackinaw—many of the war-tanoes of the Indians at this place, constructed of birch-bark, were capable of holding thirty men. All the Indians, male and female, were painted and tattooed in every conceivable shape and form. One woman, calling herself the wife of a chief of Meomis, who was rather the worse for rum, sold me her garters—a beautiful pair, embroidered in red and white wampum, worked in the pattern of

her tribe. Her forehead was painted with vermillion, and on each cheek was a patch of the same colour, relieved with a white ring, and beyond that a sky-blue one, resembling the targets at our archery meetings. She had a ring through her nose; a musk-rat skin hung over the top of her head; her hair was carefully divided, and abundantly greased with fish-oil; a profusion of scarlet feathers of the taniger were fastened into the back of it. Three long ones projected right and left towards the front, from which depended blue ones, tipped with scarlet. Her toilet was completed by some forty or fifty silver bells in her ears, which tinkled at every step which she took. Her chemise was made of deer-skin, embroidered with porcupine-quills and dyed moose-hair, fastened by a series of silver plates, circular, and diminishing in size from the top. She also wore large armlets of silver; and the garters were placed below the knee, as ornaments merely, for no garment reached further; while a blanket, thrown over her, completed her costume.

The men wore blankets of all hues, part of the presents received at different times. They were also tattooed in all ways. Some were perfectly naked, with large tufts of feathers in their heads; others had the skin of a fox or badger made into a cap, and the tail left hanging down behind. Outside most of the wigwams were tame bears, and the small Indian dog, the most faithful of all

the race. The best watch-dog was left, in charge of such huts as the owners had deserted.

After a minute inspection of their spears, bows and arrows, canoes, and dresses, all most interesting to any one curious in the habits of these most extraordinary people, and in the distinctions of their different tribes, we examined a sort of museum collected by some of the fur-traders, containing specimens of their arms, spears, and weapons, also articles of bark, embroidered by the squaws. These latter, however, are much inferior to those made by the Micmac and Milicete tribes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The island of Mackinaw is important, as it commands Lakes Huron and Michigan, with the outlet of Lake Superior. The American government have, therefore, built a strong fort upon it, overlooking, as I said before, its bay or harbour. The clearness of the water here is very striking: stones may be distinctly seen on the bottom at the depth of forty feet. In all these lakes are taken the delicious "white fish," superior in flavour to any salmon: when first taken out of the water, they shine and glisten like silver, and average from twenty to thirty pounds.

After leaving Mackinaw, a tremendous gale came on at night. There was no harbour within reach, and I was awakened by the captain rushing into the cabin, calling out, "Look out for yourselves, for we are all going to hell!" • The first

impulse was to rush upon deck : a fearful sea was running, and the steamer, which had become unmanageable, was drifting to leeward at a most unpleasant rate. The night was pitch-dark ; it was blowing a hurricane, and the boat rolled in an awful manner. Fortunately, at daybreak the gale moderated, and we were enabled to put her before the wind just in time ; for, had she continued to drift for another hour, she must have struck on one of the Manitou Islands. Most assuredly, had an Indian been on board, he would have attributed the favourable change in the weather to the "Manitou," or Great Spirit ; these islands being by them held sacred, and supposed to be the abode of departed spirits.

It now fell a dead calm. In the course of the day we passed a landmark on the Illinois coast, called the Sleeping Bear, a mountain resembling exactly the shape of that animal, whose shaggy coat is admirably represented by a stunted growth of fir, and which, situated above a lofty and long line of light yellow sand, looks, when seen from the lake, like a huge effigy of Bruin on a *giallo antico* pedestal. At length, and in spite of the prediction of the captain, who, ever since the storm, had been consoling himself with an unlimited allowance of gin-sling, we arrived safe at Chicago, which is situated upon the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, upon the skirts of those great prairies extending to the Mississippi, and con-

neeted by the great fresh-water seas of the North with all the different trading ports on them. It is built on level ground, but sufficiently elevated above the highest floods to prevent overflow. The great stream of emigration has set that way, the natural meadows presenting all the advantages of the most favoured parts of the valley of the Mississippi.

Chicago is, without doubt, the greatest wonder in this wonderful country. A little more than four years before our visit, the savage Indian there built his wigwam; the noble stag there saw undismayed his own image reflected from the polished mirror of the glassy lake; the adventurous settler then cultivated a small portion of those fertile prairies, and was living far, far away from the comforts of civilization. But how changed is that scene! That Indian is now driven far west of the Mississippi; he has left his native hills, his hunting-grounds, the grave of his father, and is now building his home in the far West, again to be driven away by the mighty tide of emigration. That gallant stag no longer bounds secure over those mighty plains, but startles at the rustling of every leaf, or the sighing of every wind, fearing the rifles of the numerous Nimrods who now pursue the chase. That adventurous settler is now surrounded by luxury and refinement; a city with a population of over twenty thousand souls has now arisen; its spires glitter in the morning sun, its wharfs are crowded by the vessels of

trade, its streets are alive with the busy hum of commerce. But the growth of the town, extraordinary as it is, bears no comparison with that of its commerce.

Chicago eclipses Buffalo in the same degree as, in the Yankee's estimation, Buffalo does London; for, in 1832, it contained five small stores and two hundred and fifty inhabitants, and in the year 1837, the population numbered eight thousand, with one hundred and twenty stores, besides a number of *groceries*: further, it supported fifty lawyers, and, thanks to the intermittent fever and ague, upwards of thirty physicians.

But it cannot be said that Nature has left them unprovided with remedies for other complaints, for, not to mention smaller manufactories, at Edwardsville alone, there are annually manufactured from forty to fifty thousand gallons of castor oil from the *Palma Christi*, which is indigenous to the soil of Illinois.

At Chicago we hired a waggon and a pair of horses, and started for the prairies, which we entered at once on leaving the town. The characteristic peculiarity of these prairies is the absence of timber; in other respects, they present all the varieties of soil and surface found elsewhere. Some are of inexhaustible fertility, others hopelessly sterile; some spread out in vast, boundless plains; others, undulating or rolling; while others are covered with a rich growth.

of grass, forming natural meadows. Hence the French term *prairie*.

The prairies begin, on a comparatively small scale, in the basin of Lake Erie, and form the bulk of the land about Lake Michigan, the upper Wabash, and the Illinois; but, on the west of the Mississippi, the whole tract may be described as prairie, intersected by patches of woodland, chiefly confined to the valleys of the rivers. The traveller may wander over these wide prairies for days, without encountering an elevation worthy to be called a hill. One vast plain spreads, with little intermission, from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi.

Every prairie is an immense flower-garden: in the early stages of spring, a generation of flowers arises, whose prevalent tint is that of peach blossom. The next is a deep red; then succeeds the yellow; and, to the latest period of autumn, the prairies exhibit a brilliant golden hue; while, in the strawberry season, thousands of acres are reddened with a fine species of this delicious fruit.

The soil is generally of the finest quality; a compound of alluvial deposits and of hard and compact layers of earth, like those at the bottom of a long stagnant mill-pool. From whatever cause the prairies at first originated, they are certainly perpetuated by the autumn fires which have annually swept over them from an era long anterior to the earliest records of history. Along

the streams, and in other places where vegetation does not suffer from the drought of the latter part of summer and early autumn, it of course is longer in becoming sear and combustible than in the plains which are drier, and the fire does not encroach much; consequently, the forests prevail there, and probably increase gradually in some places upon the prairies.

The Indians and hunters annually set fire to the prairies, in order to dislodge the game. The fire spreads with tremendous rapidity, and presents a grand spectacle. The flames rush through the long grass with a noise like thunder; dense clouds of smoke arise, and the sky itself appears almost on fire, particularly during the night. Nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of a burnt prairie: one black uniform surface; a vast plain of charcoal. During a fire, travellers crossing the prairie can only escape by burning the grass around them, and taking shelter in the burnt part, where it must expire for want of fuel.

Some parts of these prairies are healthy, some wet, and others dry or undulating. The first have springs of water, and are covered with bushes of hazel, furze, and small sassafras shrubs, mixed with grape-vines, beautifully decorated with the brightest herbaceous plants. Early in March the forests are in bloom, and the bright Judas tree (*Cercis canadensis*), the *Lonicera flava*, and yellow jasmine, enliven and perfume the landscape.

The bushes are overtopped with the common hop.

The alluvial or wet prairies are generally on the margins of the great watercourses. Their soil is black, friable, and of exhaustless fertility. From May till October, the prairies are covered with tall grass and flowers.

The dry or undulating prairies are almost destitute of springs and of all vegetation, with the exception of a crop of grass. There are numerous ponds in this region; some formed from the surface-water, some from rain and the melting of the snows in spring. In these are found great quantities of fish common in the streams. After the waters subside, they are frequently taken away by cart-loads; those which are left when the water has evaporated attract thousands of buzzards,* which prey upon them.

When the tough sward is once formed, timber will not easily take root; but, when that is destroyed by the plough, it is soon converted into forest land. There are large tracts of country in

* This bird lives on filth and putrid flesh, and is so useful in clearing away offensive substances, that it is protected by law in the southern cities. They are foul birds, and exceedingly voracious, and sometimes gorge themselves with food in such a manner as to be unable to fly. They breed in solitary swamps, making their nests in decayed trunks of trees and excavated swamps; and it is said that if a person takes one of the young ones in his hands, it immediately vomits forth such abominable matter as soon to drive the intruder away. The old birds, when caught, drive off their enemy in a similar way.

the older settlements, which the farmers formerly mowed for hay, now covered with a forest of timber of rapid growth.

A kind of country called barrens, or oak openings, prevails to some extent in the Illinois. This term is used in the West to designate a species of land of the character of forest and prairie. The surface is generally dry, and covered with oaks, sometimes interspersed with pine, hickory, or other forest trees, of stunted growth. They rise from a grassy turf, seldom encumbered by brushwood, occasionally broken by jungles of rich and gaudy-flowering plants of the dwarf sumachs. Among these oak openings are some of the most glorious landscapes of the West; the scenery is, for miles together, like that of a fine park, diversified by hill and dale, trees grouped and single, or arranged in long avenues, as though by human hands, with strips of open meadow between them. Sometimes the openings are interspersed by numerous clear lakes. When the fires are stopped, these barrens produce timber at a most extraordinary rate; first, hazel and young shrubs, until finally a thicket of young timber covers the surface.

The buffalo has entirely left these plains, and is only found at the head-waters of the Mississippi, and of those vast streams west of the Missouri. They once roamed at large over the Illinois, and in considerable numbers, as the well-beaten buf-

fallow-~~paths~~ still indicate. They usually take a direction from the prairies in the interior of the State to the margins of the great rivers, showing the course of their migrations, as they changed their pastures periodically from the low marshy alluvial to the dry upland plains. Their paths are narrow, and remarkably direct, showing that they travelled in single file through the woods, and pursued the most direct course to their places of destination.

Deer are very numerous, and increase with the population. They suffer most from the wolves, which hunt in packs, and seldom give up the chase until the deer is taken. It is asserted by the Illinois hunters, that, during the season, when the pastures are green, this animal rises from his lair precisely at the rising of the moon, whether by day or night. The hunter keeps this in mind, as he rides slowly through the thickets with his rifle. On seeing a deer, he slides gently from his horse; and, while the deer is observing the latter, he creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of his pursuit, until he gets near enough to fire.

Another mode is by watching at the "salt licks" at night, where the deer remain licking the earth for hours. The hunter secretes himself in the thick top of a tree, or in a screen erected for the purpose. This manner is only followed in the cloudless nights of the summer or early autumn,

when the moon shines brilliantly. Such places are generally bare of timber; and, as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moonlight, he stops, looks cautiously around him, and snuffs the air; again advances a few paces, again stops and smells the ground. The hunter sits motionless and almost breathless until the animal comes into a favourable light and within shot. A few deer only can be thus killed in one night; and so timorous are they, that they are soon driven from any haunts where they are liable to be thus disturbed.

The elk or wapiti has disappeared. The bear is seldom met with: he inhabits the more wooded parts, and delights particularly in the cane-brakes, where he feeds in winter on the tender shoots of the young cane. The meat is said to be excellent in consequence, and is esteemed a great delicacy.

There are two kinds of wolves, the black or common wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former are large and fierce, hunt in packs, and seldom attack man, unless when asleep or wounded. Their common prey are the deer, which they hunt regularly. The smell of burning assafoetida is said to have a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods and a small quantity of this drug thrown into it, any wolves that are in the neighbourhood immediately assemble round it, howling in a mournful manner. And such is

the remarkable fascination which it excreises, that they will suffer themselves to be shot rather than leave the spot.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, between the wolf and the fox. In colour it resembles the latter. It is found exclusively on the open plains. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, which are very abundant on the prairies, young pigs, calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between it and the black wolf. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf hunting in company with several prairie wolves.

Bees are found in every large patch of forest. When the frost has killed vegetation, they are hunted for their honey and wax.

The ponds, lakes, and rivers, during the migratory season of waterfowl, are covered with swans, pelicans, cranes, geese, brants, and ducks of all tribes and varieties. But the game of the most interest, and that of which we came in search, are the prairie hens, or prairie fowl; but of them more anon.

By different treaties the Indians have ceded the whole of their territorial claims on the Illinois to the government of the United States. It appears that the Illinois, Delaware, Shawanee, Pottawatomie, Eel River, Weea, Kickapoo, and Piankasaw tribes, had each their hunting-grounds on these prairies. Many Indian remains are met with. At the Saline Creek large fragments of earthenware

are constantly found, both on and under the ground. They have on them the impression of basket or wicker-work; and it appears, from a variety of circumstances, that the Indians were acquainted with the manner of making salt; they valued it highly, and called the creek the Great Salt Spring.

Near the town of Belvidere is a mound, the base of which covers nearly an acre of ground. It is elevated seventy feet above the bottom lands of Rock River, and on the top is the sepulchre of Big Thunder. He died about 1831 or 1832, in the Sauk war. He was placed in a sitting posture on a flag mat, wrapped in blankets, his scalping-knife by his side, to cut the plugs of tobacco that are offered to him. Over the body is constructed a covering of wood and earth, with an opening in front, where Big Thunder may be seen with his tobacco lying before him. The Indians still visit the place, to replenish his stores of whisky, tobacco, &c.

Thou sittest amongst us on thy mat;
The bear-skin from thy shoulder hangs;
Thy feet are sandall'd ready for the way.
Those are the unfatiguable feet
That traversed the forest track;
Those are the lips that late
Thunder'd the yell of war;
And that is the strong right arm,
Which never was lifted in vain.

On the right bank of the Illinois river is a per-

pendicular rock, near the foot of the Rapids, called the Starved Rock. It is washed by the current at its base, and rises to one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, from which its perpendicular sides are inaccessible; but it is connected with a chain of heights, that extend up the stream, by a narrow ledge, the only ascent to which is by a winding and precipitous path. The diameter at top is not more than one hundred feet, and it is covered with a growth of young trees.

A band of Illinois Indians once sought refuge here from the fury of the Pottawatomies, with whom they were at war. They intrenched themselves, repulsed all assaults of the besiegers, and would have remained masters of the high tower, but for the impossibility of obtaining supplies of water. Provisions they had secured; but their only means of procuring water was by letting down vessels with bark ropes to the river, which their enemies, stationed in canoes below, cut as fast as they were let down. The consequence was, the extirpation of the whole band; and their bones were whitening on the summit of the mountain for many a year after. An intrenchment corresponding to the edge of the precipice is distinctly visible, and fragments of a pottery, and other curious remains of the vanished race are spread about.

The northern part of Illinois was the scene of many atrocities and much human slaughter during

the war of 1832 and 1833, between the Sac and Fox Indians and the United States. The Indians were conducted by the celebrated chief Black Hawk and the Prophet, who, after their capture, ceded the country east of the Mississippi to the United States.

A line of mounds, more ancient than even the wild and fabulous traditions of the Indians, are said to be scattered along the right bank of the Rock River and the Wisconsin territory. The New Englander is now settled upon these plains. The last of the Indian race left in 1836. Their gardens are overgrown with tall rank weeds, and their war-cry is heard only beyond the Mississippi.

At the public-house, or shanty, where we put up for the night, after a drive of eight or ten miles, we found all the inmates in bed, covered up with blankets, and everything which could add to warmth heaped upon them. The driver informed us that this was the *bad day* of their fever, but that the fit would soon be over, and that then they would set about our accommodation for the night. We did not particularly like stopping in a house where every soul was under the influence of remittent fever; but our Jehu comforted us with the assurance that it prevailed more or less in every house on the prairies at this season of the year; so we took out our dogs and guns, and, on crossing through a patch of pease at

the back of the house, one of the dogs came to a point. It proved to be a pack of prairie hens.* We shot eight brace: magnificent birds they were, as large as our black game; a bright band of orange-citron colour encircles the eye. They are very game upon the wing, and, in the general colour of their plumage, resemble the gray hen, with the exception of having a bag of orange-coloured skin on either side of the neck, over which hang long straight feathers. They inflate these bags to a great size, at which time the feathers stand out at right angles. Of these, however, the female is deficient, as well as of the naked skin. Wilson calls them the pinnated grouse.

In the drumming season, like the birch partridge and the turkey, the male bird inflates himself, and makes a peculiar sound, which may be heard for several miles. Wilson describes it as a sort of ventriloquism. "It does not strike the ear of a bystander with much force, but impresses him with the idea, though produced within a few rods of him, of a voice a mile or two distant. This note is highly characteristic—it is termed '*tooting*,' from its resemblance to the blowing of a conch or horn from a remote quarter."

They contain more blood, taking into con-

* *Tetrao Cupido*; so called from two tufts of pointed feathers on either side the neck, resembling the wings of a little Cupid.

sideration their size, than any bird of the tribe—this was remarked by a brother-officer who followed our steps over these prairies in the month of October, but who, instead of finding the birds to lie well, as we did in the early part of September, found them very wild and to carry away very heavy shot, even No. 8; whereas, at our visit, we contrived to bag quantities when using No. 5, and even No. 7. He further informed me, that he never saw birds which his pointers apparently took so little notice of, even when wounded. But, as we found it to be quite the reverse in the month of September, and as he is one of the best and most observing sportsmen I know, it follows that, if these prairies be visited for the sake of shooting the pinnated grouse, it should not be later than the middle of September.

We found woodcock and quail in the long grass, and numbers of the beautiful wood-duck and blue-winged teal in all the pools and rivers near: so that, by the time they had recovered at the inn, we had had a capital day's sport, and a brace of grouse were soon ready for supper. Like all the tribe, they have dark and light-coloured meat, but are rather dry, and not to be compared in flavour to our red game. Next day, we continued our course over the prairies, steering, as it were, now for a clump of trees, now for some rise on the horizon—across the rolling prairies without road or track—through the most.

luxuriant grassy herbage as deep as the wheels of the waggon, stopping occasionally by the way to shoot grouse, ducks, or quail. Our eventual object was to reach the Fox River, along the line of which we heard that the prairie-hens abounded, in consequence of the cultivation along its banks; by night we arrived, and put up at one among a few huts on the banks of the river. The heat was overpowering; and during three days that we stayed there, we could shoot only in the mornings and evenings. The country was dried up, but we found game in great quantities, and had as much shooting as we could manage.

Before reaching Fox River, I discovered that I was in for the ague, or rather that it was well in *me*. I swallowed quantities of quinine, by virtue of which I was generally enabled to shoot, after the attack went off, in the evening, and always on the intermediate day. We next moved our quarters, some eight miles down the river, and put up at a log-hut. Here an old woman gave me a decoction of a plant which she called *thorough-wort*, and which, I think, is a species of *Eupatorium*. The leaves of it grew opposite to each other, and though it alleviated the fits, my recollection of it is that the remedy was almost as bad as the disease, it having been by far the most bitter and nauseous beverage I ever imbibed. In one week we had nearly finished our ammunition, and began to think of returning.

Just before our departure, we saw in the neighbourhood one of those curious salt-licks, to which for ages countless herds of buffaloes, deer, elks, and other animals appear to have annually resorted. Bones are found to a great depth deposited under the soil, layer upon layer, and among them bones of the mammoth and mastodon; and geologists say that the vast masses found here are to be accounted for by the herds which had come down to the licks pursued by wolves and panthers, and, being panic-stricken, trampling each other to death. These places bear the name of "the Mammoth Licks." It is utterly impossible to keep animals from salt-licks; and farmers who have enclosed fields near them, finding their hedges repeatedly broken, at length usually compromise the matter by making a road to them.

Wild turkeys and wapiti are to be found on these prairies, but the chance of getting at them appeared so uncertain, that we returned to Chicago without making the attempt. Rattlesnakes are very numerous; and it is a curious fact that the Almighty has provided the antidote for their poison, in the rattlesnake plantain—an orchis-looking plant, the leaves of which taper up to a sharp point: the Indians chew it to a pulp, and bind it over the wound. This, they say, is the only remedy that will extract the venom. The snakes gain a rattle with every year of their age.

when, about to make a spring, they erect them. I killed one near the Falls, on the snow, with an axe; it had fourteen rattles, and was as thick as a man's arm; it had been caught by the frost, before it had provided a winter habitation. They would increase to a fearful extent, were it not for the fires on the prairies, by which great numbers are destroyed.

We made a prosperous voyage back to Detroit, and crossed over to the Canada side of the river, where we had capital woodcock and snipe-shooting. Thence we rowed down to Fort Malden, garrisoned by one of our regiments. Along the Lake Erie shore we met with plenty of quail. Being informed that wild turkeys were numerous in the neighbourhood, we determined, before leaving the country, to "have a shy at them."

Franklin observes that "the turkey would have been a much fitter emblem of the United States than the white-headed Eagle—a lazy, cowardly, tyrannical bird, living on the honest labours of others, and more suited to represent an imperial despotic government than the Republic of America."

The male bird of the wild turkey, or gobbler, is a noble fellow, with plumage resplendent in brightest gold-tinged bronze, varying as he changes position, to blue, violet, and green. Each feather terminates with a deep black band, and has also a bronze or copper-coloured lustre. I

found the feathers from the tail to make excellent wings for artificial flies. ("hare's ears" and "deep purple"), to be quite as good as the mallard's coat, and infinitely better than those of the domestic bird used for the same purpose.

The wild turkey-cock has a long pendent tuft of hair on its breast. This, as well as the caruncles about the head and neck; comes to perfection and arrives at the greatest size and length in the third year. Audubon says, that from fifteen to eighteen pounds may be taken as a fair average of their weight, but that he once saw a gobbler in the Louisville market, weighing thirty-six pounds, and the tuft of hair on the breast upwards of a foot in length. Bonaparte confirms this account, but remarks that birds of thirty pounds are not rare.

The wild turkey, however he may be surprised when feeding in patches of maize or buckwheat in the clearance, is the most difficult bird possible to find in the woods, as they run with great swiftness, and are very watchful. They are bad fliers, and, for that reason, go up to the tops of the highest trees before they will attempt the passage of merely a narrow river; and even then the weakest birds are often sacrificed in the attempt. After mounting, they stretch out their necks once or twice, as if to take breath; and, at a given signal, all start together for the nearest point on the opposite side, descending constantly until they

reach it. The lumberers on the Mississippi, Ohio, and other broad streams, are so well aware of their proceedings, that, when they hear the row, the strutting, the gobbling, and all the other devices practised by the oldest birds to instil courage into the *funking* part of the community, they take up a position in the neighbourhood, and, so soon as the turkeys make up their mind, and have screwed their courage up for a start, contrive to bag great quantities from the numbers which are sure to fall into the water.

In the love-making season, there is no end to the strutting and puffing of the male, for the purpose of winning the admiration of his mate; and his splendid tail is then spread in the form of a fan. After the season of incubation, the males cease to gobble, and are easily killed; but at this time they are of no value, being meagre and covered with vermin. In the breeding season, however, they are often decoyed within shot, by blowing through the large bone of the turkey's wing, cut off at one end, and which, if skilfully performed, produces exactly the plaintive sound of the female. When this stratagem is followed, the hunter proceeds cautiously and alone, and places himself under "a roost." As the light appears, he may find himself directly under a flock of turkeys; but, if not, he must wait until he hears the gobble. Then, says a Yankee writer, in *The Spirit of the*

Times,* the first sound from the old gobblers the hunter answers by the plaintive note of the female, and the male bird is ready to search out a mistress with becoming gallantry. "Pup, pup," lisps the hunter; "Gobble, gobble," utters the proud bird; and here the interest of the hunt commences. Then is to be seen the alluring on of the gobbler, his struttings and prancings, and a thousand gallant airs, for his lady-love. Anon his suspicions get the better of his love; and the coward is plainly visible in his suddenly-contracted body and air of ready flight. The hunter warily plies his music, and the bird advances, until the sure rifle finds the beautiful prize in its range. This, however, requires to be carried out with skill, for the wariness of the wild turkey is wonderful, surpassing that of the deer or any other game whatever: and nothing but artifice and the most careful attention to its habits will command success.

The above-quoted writer, proceeding with his description of this splendid bird, says, "The Englishman, Frenchman, or any other European, vaunt about the Thames, the Seine, and the like, and thereby grow very conceited and satisfied; but knock under when you mention the wild turkey, and willingly admit that America is a great country: indeed, Franklin knew all this;

* The "Bell's Life" of the New World, published in New York.

and, with a wisdom that eclipsed himself, wished to have this bird of birds introduced upon our national emblem, instead of the eagle. The idea was enough to have immortalized him, if he had not been a philosopher, or a modern Ajax defying the lightning." This is all very fine; but, had they thus exalted the gobbler, what would have become of the French comparison—"Bête comme un dindon?"

We made a party, and left Amherstburg in search of turkeys; and, after a drive of a couple of hours, arrived at some small "clearances," amidst a great tract of forest, close to an immense marsh overgrown with a sort of jungle of long grass, stunted alder, willow, and shumac, said to be a very favourite place of these princes of the gallinaceous tribe—the manner of shooting them being the same as that pursued by our sportsmen, when waiting for the water-fowl tribe by a spring at night-fall. The party took up their stations in the vicinity of a patch of buck-wheat, the favourite food of these birds, whose sense of hearing is so acute, that, as a matter of precaution, we placed our guns on full cock; so shy are they that the click of a London-made lock would be sufficient to give the alarm, and disperse any number of them, when, in all probability, they would not return to the same *locale* for many nights.

We had not long taken our places, before the

noise of the gobbler was heard, and continued at intervals; this naturally put all on the *qui vive*, and we prepared for action. Suddenly I observed one of the party, whose station was opposite to mine, advance slowly and cautiously along the zig-zag fence which served as a protection for the crop of buckwheat from the promiscuous intruders in the forest. The twilight was fast fading away, and it was with difficulty that I could follow the movements of my friend. After twenty minutes or so, in which time he had managed to progress as many yards, he abruptly stopped, and, raising his gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim. Just as I expected to hear the report of his fowling-piece, I was startled by the sudden explosion of a tremendous volley of loud and angry words, when, to make a long story short, instead of the expected gobblers, who should make his appearance but our sable guide. He had stationed himself in the immediate neighbourhood of the clearances for the purpose of attracting the turkeys, and, owing to his too faithful imitation of the aforesaid gobble, within range of our weapons, well-nigh fell a victim to the sporting ardour of my friend. This unfortunate nigger now stood alternately trembling and grinning, between the uncertainty of life and death, and within ten yards of the muzzle of a double gun, loaded with swan-shot. After trying in every possible way to obtain shots at the turkeys, we

ended by giving it up in disgust; which was not a little increased by hearing that, soon after we departed, our guide, the nigger, had killed five in the very same patches of maize.

CHAPTER XVII.

UPPER CANADA—NIAGARA DISTRICT.

Deer-stalking in the Woods—Of the best Kind of Gun for Upper Canada—The Log-hut and process of clearing the Land—Water-fowl—Long Point—Silver and cross Foxes—Starkey's Museum—Raccoon—Squirrels—Black Corps on Skates—Long-tailed Ducks—The Bald Eagle—The Wind-up.

DEER-STALKING in the woods in winter requires the keenest eye, and must be conducted with the greatest possible caution. In all parts of the forests which the deer inhabit are to be found cedar or alder swamps; these are lower than the surrounding ground, on which the timber grows larger, stronger, and it follows, as a matter of course, wider apart; whereas, in the swamps, the stems of the cedar and alder (especially the former, which is evergreen) are much closer, and thickly meshed. These copses are selected by the deer as their sheltering places during the day; in them they find their feeding, and secure, in the thickness of the place, they have a great advantage over the hunter, who has to approach them through the more open forest, and rather on an inclined plain.

The odds are, therefore, much against him, even should he be stealing up wind, with the elements in his favour by virtue of a gale of wind setting any shaken or rheumatic trees groaning and wheezing.

Nature has, moreover, given this alertful animal her assistance, by changing its coat in winter into a dun colour—most difficult to distinguish among the surrounding grays, the prevailing colour of the woods in their winter garb. Even the very birds take part against man, and the beautiful blue jay (*Corvus cristatus*) in particular, which is very numerous, gives instant warning by screaming and chattering—on alarm which the deer soon learn, and become fully sensible of its import. On more occasions than one, I have found the little aquamarine rascal prevent my surprising deer in their lair.

I would recommend the hunter, when deer-stalking in the woods of Upper Canada, to learn well the locale of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of his quarters, to know whereabouts exactly these swamps, as well as what are called "hurricanes," also the favourite resort of deer, are situated. These hurricanes are insulated spots in the great bush, where a whirlwind has descended and matted together masses of huge trees, torn up or broken down by the force of a tornado, and many of them thrown across one another in the most impenetrable confusion. He should then proceed most cautiously to some spot to leeward

of these places, and, taking up his position under the wind, select a comparatively open place, and send some one round to come upon the swamps or hurricane in the opposite direction, when the deer will immediately be alarmed, and the chances of getting a shot are much more in his favour than by going straight on end through the forest.

There is also another manner, which is to find out, along the outskirts of the forest, if the "clearances" have been made in such a way as to have left large patches of the woods standing out in the form of promontories, walking round which it is easy to ascertain by the tracks whether deer have entered, and, of course, whether they have left. Should one of these portions of the bush contain deer, the sportsman can have them driven by the same means, or with a dog—for all dogs in Upper Canada are constantly so employed—whilst the hunter takes up his position to command "the pass." He is then almost sure of a shot; and, as before stated in another part of this work, on his hallooing sharply, the deer will stop short for an instant, when, if he be expert enough, he may get a standing shot; but for this a great deal of nicety is required, and the hunter must be careful so to time his shout that the animal may halt in an open space; for it has happened to me that, by not so managing it, a deer has been "brought up" exactly in the very thickest spot, with two huge butts of trees

between him and my sight. Of course, there was no use in moving—there was not time. I therefore laid my rifle, fancying that I might catch him as he crossed my barrel at the first bound—a calculation impossible to make to a certainty, and in this case the luck was against me; for, instead of dashing forward, the animal jumped some six feet in height to clear a prostrate log, which no eye, taking all things into consideration, could scan in the semi-momentary halt made by this deer.

The same plan can be pursued, where points of the forest form angles into the frozen lakes; and, by going from one of these places to another, the hunter will, in all probability, kill deer, if they are but in moderate plenty in the vicinity.

One word as to the best sort of gun for Upper Canada. On the whole, then, as there is not the facility of carrying about several kinds of guns, a smooth-bored "double-gun," which will throw ball true at sixty yards (and most guns will), is the best weapon for deer-shooting, as most of the shots got in the woods in Upper Canada are within that distance. It is, therefore, available for small game. There is a prejudice against firing ball from a smooth-bored gun, as it is supposed to injure it for shot. No sort of damage is done by having the balls cast in a mould one size smaller than the gauge of the barrel; and, by placing them in the ends of the

fingers of kid gloves, cut off long enough to cover the ball, they will fly quite true, and will not injure the gun in the slightest degree; and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a ball will fly nearly as true at sixty yards, as one fired from the best rifle turned out of Moore's or Lancaster's shops. It is to be remembered, however, that only two-thirds of the charge of powder used when shooting with shot is required when the same gun is to be loaded with ball.

Deer are very plentiful about the sources of the Welland, some three or four miles from Dumville, on the Grand River; and we frequently put up at a log-hut in that vicinity, for the sake of hunting and of obtaining the services of the proprietor, who was an adept in the art. He and his family had but just bought some fifty acres of the forest, and built their house; and the process of clearing the land was in full progress during our visit. It would have astonished an inhabitant of the old world not a little to see a door open every evening at sun-down, and a pair of oxen yoked to a huge piece of magnificent oak timber, which would square between three and four feet, dragging it bodily into the middle of the habitation; when, detaching it from the chains, our host and his brother rolled the log into the back of the grate with hand-spikes (the said grate comprising the whole length of one end of the hut), where it would burn for four-and-twenty

hours, when the same operation would again be repeated. Our host had no means of getting any sale for his timber, and therefore the sooner it was got rid of (by fire) the sooner his land would be cleared.

He was most anxious to show us all the sport he could, and tried every means to bring the deer within shot. He placed rock-salt in an open place in the bush, and felled a green pine, stating, that to lick the one or browse upon the other, it was certain the deer would find their way to the spot so soon as the night set in. Watching for them, however, in the moonlight nights, with a deep snow upon the ground, was but a frigid amusement; and, although we got several shots, we soon gave it up for the day-stalking. On one occasion, when out near this hut by myself, I suddenly saw a whole flock of wolves, trotting along in Indian file. I had but just time to get behind a tree; and it was with feelings of no little satisfaction that I saw them all (twelve or fifteen) pass by, without being aware of my proximity to them; for, although armed with a loaded rifle and axe, they would have availed little had the voracious brutes taken it into their heads to attack me.

On either side of the Grand River, close to Dumville, there are large marshes where the snipe-shooting is good, and wild fowl also are very plentiful, particularly "the wood-duck" and

"the black duck." I have had the latter disturbed along the river, and the former from among the flooded swamps in the forest, by a negro, who offers himself as a sort of cicerone to any sportsman that may visit Dumville: and, when standing on the banks of an outlet of the Grand River which forms the feeder to the Welland canal, I have killed great numbers on "the pass."

Long Point, on Lake Erie, is detached from the main land about eight miles, and then a succession of sand-bars, forming islands which run twenty miles into the lake, with marshes on the one side, chiefly beds of wild rice and high reeds, is the resort of countless water-fowl. The flight-shooting, when the wind sets in from the lake for half an hour or more, is magnificent. Stationed in a punt among the reeds, near a rice-bed, one may fire as fast as possible, and bag from fifty to sixty large black ducks in an evening. This is the best place in Canada for wild-fowl shooting, the next being Ballidoon, near Lake St. Clair.

The marshes on either side of the Chippeway Creek are full of snipes in the months of September and October; and from the Falls, in a direct line along the left of the road to Queenstown, and in the cedars in the vicinity of this village, woodcocks are to be found in the same months in considerable quantities, as well as in the Indian corn

in the low country below Queenston heights, also on the line of road from Chippeway village towards Port Colborne, where the Welland canal has its outlet in Lake Erie. Quail (the Virginian quail—*Tetrao Virginianus*) are very numerous all over this part of Upper Canada; they are in size between that of our quail and the partridge—are found in bevvies of from eighteen to twenty-five—are very game, and, next to woodcocks, are decidedly the best shooting in Upper Canada.

Navy Island is full of deer, and lies very conveniently for autumnal stalking.

I have been told that, in the immediate neighbourhood of Toronto, the cock-shooting is excellent, and extends up the shore of Lake Ontario as far as a creek called the Credit.

It is curious that, in the whole of these districts, we could hear of no fly-fishing.

When at Mackinaw I purchased a beautiful skin of the black or silver fox, which is very rare. There is a species, however, which appears to be a medley between that and the common fox, and is called the cross fox, which is very beautiful, although not to be compared to the former. They are constantly shot near the Falls of Niagara; and I have also a specimen of this latter, which was shot in a tree by the landlord of the great hotel, a good rifle shot, as the many scalps of the eagle and the antlers of deer hung round his chamber attested. The skins of these foxes were

worn by our officers as boas, and added not a little to the general effect of blanket coats, with their deep blue borders, scarlet wings, seams, &c., and other means and appliances of winter costumes. Silver buttons were substituted for the eyes, by which means the head of the animal, when passed round the neck, becomes fastened under the chin, and the beautiful black brush hangs down in front.

There is a capital museum of all the natural curiosities of the district, kept by Starkey at the Falls. Most visitors become acquainted with him, as his house is the depository of the sort of oil-skin, sentry-box kind of garment in which their bodies are enveloped before passing behind the "great falling sheet of water," and a certificate, signed by that individual, is presented to each visitor who has passed that ordeal. A rope has been fastened along the rock by this enterprising fellow, and ladies are enabled to proceed to the distance of eighty or one hundred feet between the falling flood and the rock, walking along a ledge of the latter, and "holding on" by the line, with no further *désagrément* than that of a cold shower-bath and the deafening roar of the cataract, and with the comfortable conviction that it is impossible to fall off the ledge of rock into the abyss below, as the counter-current of wind is strong enough of itself to prevent even suicidal attempts of the sort. Many living rattle-

snakes are kept at the museum, some of them of a great age. They are found in quantities about the Falls.

The woods are full of racoons, which, like the bear, take up their winter abode in some hollow tree. The former select the finest and most healthy-looking oaks, which the crafty woodsman would guess, from sundry heaps of dust accumulated at the bottom (the work of the woodpecker), to have incipient decay of the trunk, or at least that it had begun in some of the forks. The racoons select these trees, as the roughness of the bark prevents the scratches of their nails from being traced. The weather, however, affects the racoon, and a sudden thaw obliges him to descend for food, when his tracks at the bottom of a tree tell a tale which, no ingenuity on his part can efface, although I have been told that they try to effect it by brushing the snow over them with their tails, before they again ascend. Although the hunters cannot entirely depend on these signs, it is astonishing with what *sang froid* they will proceed to cut down the largest trees on the chance of finding the racoons. Each tree contains generally three or four, and they frequently sleep undisturbed during the operation of felling, until the tree comes to the ground with a crash, which splits it into ribbons. The racoons, though so unceremoniously roused from a torpid state, are instantly all alive, and rush up the

nearest "saplings," where they become, a mark for the rifle; an expert marksman never hits either the racoon or black squirrel anywhere but in the eye. This is not merely to show his skill as a shot, but it is invariably practised for the sake of not injuring the skin. Some superior riflemen will brag that they can hit the bark in a particular way, so close to the squirrel as to stun him, when he falls off the tree, and, before he has recovered from the effect of the blow, they pick him up; or, as the Yankee song has it,—

Then a rifleman there's such a shot,
The birds, when they see him a-loading,
Come down, and fall dead on the spot,
They can't bear the noise of exploding.

Racoons are said to be very injurious to fields of maize and all kinds of fruits, to be very fond of strong liquors, so as to get excessively drunk, and often to become the prey of snakes. Those which inhabit places near the sea-shore live much on shell-fish, particularly oysters. They will watch the opening of the shell, dexterously introduce their paw, and tear out the contents. Sometimes the oyster suddenly closes, catching the thief and detaining him, until drowned by the return of the tide. They likewise feed on crabs, both land and sea. It has all the cunning of the fox. Lawson says, "that it will stand on the side of a swamp and hang its tail over the water; the crabs will lay hold, mistaking it for a bait, which as the

raccoon feels, he pulls it with a sudden jerk, and makes a prey of the cheated crabs."

"The racoon is tamed with great ease, so as to follow its master along the streets like a dog, but never can be broken of its habit of stealing or killing poultry. It is so fond of sugar or any sweet things, as to do infinite mischief in a house if care is not taken. It has many of the actions of the monkey, such as feeding itself with its forefeet, sitting up to eat being always in motion, very inquisitive, and examining everything it sees with its paws. Though it is not fond of water, it dips into it all sorts of dry food which are given to it, and will wash its face like a cat. It is sought after on account of the fur; some people eat it, and it is very good meat. The fur makes the best hats next to that of the beaver."

Squirrels of many kinds abounded about Niagara woods—the flying squirrel, the large gray squirrel, the masked squirrel, and the black without end. The gray are the most beautiful of all the species. Some writers affirm that the black make regular migrations on the approach of severe weather, that they cross rivers on branches, waiting for a fair wind to embark, spreading their tails in the manner of a sail, and that thus they are wafted to the other side. Certain it is that they swim well, and will beat a dog in the water. Besides the pursuit of these animals, the track of a wild turkey would occasionally put the hunter

on the *qui vive*, but they usually led him only into a swamp, which baffled all their pursuit.

During the winter, the skating on the Chippewa Creek was excellent, and added not a little to our amusement. Large parties contested games of hockey on the ice, some forty or fifty being ranged on each side. A ludicrous scene, too, was afforded by the instruction of a black corps in skating: from the peculiar formation of a negro's foot, and the length of his heel, they were constantly falling forward; it was impossible to keep them on their skates, and down they came by whole sections. They might have done admirably on snow-shoes, but it was lamentable to witness the dreadful "headers" they suffered from the skates.

A tandem sleigh-club, of some twenty or thirty sleighs, met alternately twice in each week, at Niagara Town or the Falls. A luncheon, and a ball in the evening, concluded the gaieties of the day.

Thousands of long-tailed ducks pass at sundown from Lake Ontario, which never freezes, up the line of the Niagara river. We used to muster strong to wait for them. On a cold, clear night they might be heard making a tremendous noise; division after division passed over our heads, and volley after volley brought them down in crowds. Some came out for the express purpose of firing a random shot, and rushing in to pick up the spoil. Like all other ducks, they soon became very wary, and could be killed only

on the pass, when a strong wind kept them low; nothing, however, confounds the water-fowl tribe like a thick fog; it is then that they become an easy prey to the fowler. The long-tailed duck is but indifferent eating; their flesh is fishy and strong. They were a little improved by bleeding, for which all wild fowl are the better. These flocks passed beyond Lake Erie in the evening, as that lake was frozen over; at daybreak they returned to Ontario, where they remained during the day.

The Falls of Niagara are the great resort of the bald eagle (*Aquila ceucocephalus*), and the osprey (*Aquila haliata*), or fish-hawk. The former is the national emblem, and the noblest of the tribe found in North America. They afford grand sport to the rifleman, and the scalp of a bald eagle takes rank far above the head and antlers of the finest stag. They breed in the old trees overhanging the Falls, and are often to be seen sailing majestically above them. I subjoin Wilson's graphical and eloquent account of this prince of quarries.

"This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there as for the numerous carcasses of squirrels, deer,

bears, and various other animals, that, in their attempt to cross the river above the Falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which it soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable extent of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him; he appears indifferent to the little localities or change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the higher to the lower regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish. In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, daring, contemplative, and tyrannical: attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that

commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air, the busy tringæ coursing along the sands, trains of ducks streaming over the surface, silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading, clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention: by his wide curvature of wings and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk; settling over some devoted victim of the deep, his eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-open wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around!

“At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour, and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. This is the signal for our hero, who, launching in the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime

aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; and the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods."

The appetite of the bald eagle, though habituated to long fastings, is of the most voracious and often the most indelicate kind. Fish, when he can obtain it, is preferred to all other fare. Young lambs and pigs are dainty morsels, and made free with on every available opportunity. Ducks, geese, gulls, and other sea-fowls, are also seized with avidity. The most putrid carrion, when nothing better can be had, is acceptable; and the collected groups of gormandizing vultures, on the approach of this dignified personage, instantly disperse, and make way for their master, waiting his departure in sullen silence, and at a respectful distance, on the adjacent tree.

High o'er the wat'ry uproar silent seen,
Sailing sedate in majesty serene,
Now 'midst the pillar'd spray sublimely lost,
And now, emerging, down the rapids tost,
Glides the bald eagle, gazing calm and slow
O'er all the horrors of the scene below;
Intent alone to sate himself with blood,
From the torn victims of the raging flood.

But to return from this poetic description to the affairs of every-day life. Skating, sleighing, and hunting, served to beguile the monotony of a Canadian winter, which was fast drawing to its close, when I received an order to join the *depôt* of my regiment in England; and I was going a round of farewells, when, at eleven o'clock at night, the bugles of the different cantonments sounded the "Turn out," and company after company was hastening down to Forsyth's Hotel—a great overgrown wooden pile, six stories high, which overlooked the Falls—it was on fire, and, being wholly composed of wood, burnt like tinder. The doors were torn off their hinges, the furniture thrown out of windows, and all the efforts five hundred soldiers could make were tried to save the house—but in vain.

The effect was magnificent; there was not a breath of wind, and the night was pitchy dark; the glorious Falls roared like thunder, the liquid flames lit them up, and they were seen as plainly as in the broad daylight.

This was my farewell look at the mighty cataract. Early the following morning I was *en route* for the Old World, and amongst all the phases of Niagara's grandeur, this is not the one that my memory least loves to dwell upon.

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